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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

REVIEWS

Letters illustrative of the Reign of William III. addressed to the Duke of Shrewsbury, by James Vernon, Esq. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE reign of William the Third presents little that is interesting to the general reader. It has neither the stirring incidents of the Parliamentary period, the sanguinary intrigues of the succeeding reigns, nor the brilliant military triumphs which are a marking feature in the reign of Anne. But to the inquirer who considers history, not as a mere record of events, but as a series of moral developments, each connected with and influencing the other, the reign of William the Third is as important as any in our history.

It was then, to use the words of Mr. James, that "many of the great foundations of our liberty were laid, amidst the struggles of faction and mercenary intrigue;" and he might have added, that mercenary intrigue itself then first gained that ascendancy which, ere long, rendered the Treasury the chief moving power of the government, and packed committees and bribed majorities, the minister's "great argument." A knowledge of the reign of William the Third is therefore necessary to the study of the history of the 18th century; for all that Walpole and his successors did, we shall find had been done,—less systematically, it is true, and perhaps less effectively, but still done by the "incorruptible patriots" of 1688. The mercenary spirit which forms the characteristic of the Walpole administration, did not originate with that twenty years' minister. He was instructed in fraud, and chicanery, and bribery, by men who looked grave, and talked homilies about "zeal for true religion," and "liberty and property," and "the rights of Englishmen," while they dipped their hands in the nation's purse, and took every opportunity of abridging her liberties; whereas their pupil, except on the eve of a general election, never advanced very high claims to superior patriotism, but marshalled his pensioners in systematic order, and laughingly propounded his grand axiom, that "every man has his price."

The work before us consists of letters addressed by Mr. Vernon to the Duke of Shrewsbury, between September 1696, and December 1704; a lapse of three years then occurs, and a short series from November 1707, to December 1708, brings us to the close. The writer was, it appears, engaged from an early age in the Secretary of State's office; and at the Revolution he attracted, by his business habits, the notice both of the King and Shrewsbury. They appear, however, at first, to have entertained some suspicion of his principles; for in 1689, on a proposal being made that Mr. Vernon should be Under Secretary of State, it was preemptorily rejected. But on the return of Shrewsbury to office, in 1694, his opinions had so greatly changed, that he immediately appointed Vernon his private secretary. Still no higher preferment rewarded his diligence, although he had made himself very useful, especially in "that unfortunate affair," as it truly was, of Sir John Fenwick, till the close of 1697, when "the complicated state of political intrigue existing at that moment," raised him, most unexpectedly, to the high office which Shrewsbury resigned, and he became Secretary of State.

These letters commence just as the conspiracy had been discovered, for which Charnock, King, and Keys, and soon after Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, were executed, and for which, eventually, Sir John Fenwick suffered. It is difficult to get at the truth in this case. That a

conspiracy was formed to restore the Stuarts, is certain; and that some desperate Jacobites had conspired to kill the King, we have evidence from their own confessions; but it seems very questionable whether the treasonable practices of Sir John Friend, Sir William Perkins, and especially of Sir John Fenwick, extended farther than the overthrow of the government. That some of William's ministers were involved in this plot, every additional account more clearly proves. When Sir John Fenwick was taken, he immediately offered to make a full disclosure on condition that his life was spared. By express command of the King, the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord High Steward, visited him, when he threw out insinuations against the fidelity of some of the ministers, and subsequently made a formal charge against Shrewsbury, Lord Godolphin, Lord Marlborough, Lord Bath, and Admiral Russel. Now when we remember that Shrewsbury was Chief Secretary of State, Godolphin first Lord of the Treasury, and that Marlborough held military appointments second only to the King; that Lord Bath and Admiral Russel were representatives of two of the most influential Whig families, it is difficult to imagine what could have induced a prisoner to select such powerful individuals as the objects of his accusation, unless they had indeed been participants in the plot. "Fenwick put all this in writing," says Burnet, "upon the assurance that he should not be forced to witness any part thereof. When that was sent to the King, all appearing to be so trifling, and no other proof being offered, except his own word, which he had stipulated should not be made use of, His Majesty sent an order to bring him to his trial." But Shrewsbury did not act as if he thought the accusation "trifling;" and, after having arranged the proceedings for Fenwick's trial, and written to the King, who was then in Holland, he retired to one of his country seats, ostensibly to recruit his health. Mr. Vernon, as his private secretary, was now therefore chief agent; and the anxiety with which they both watched the progress of this trial goes far to prove that they feared farther disclosures. Meanwhile, the King returned, and received Vernon at the levee favourably; inquiring after Shrewsbury, who still continued at Eyford, having had, as was said, a fall from his horse. The letters are now filled with lamentations that such charges should have been brought against the Duke, and with earnest entreaties to him to return to town. Still, Shrewsbury delayed his appearance, and soon after, Vernon writes, "I don't know that the House of Commons ever acted with greater concert than they do at present. So that I hope this is a very proper time to bring any matter before them one would wish success to." But another inopportune accident detained Shrewsbury in the country, which, Mr. Vernon says, is "very untimely, for the matter is now coming to a crisis, and they hope to your Grace's entire satisfaction."

"My Lord Sunderland and Mr. Russel both bid me excuse to your Grace their not writing by this post, and to acquaint you from them, they think the method can't be better settled than it is. And they have less to apprehend this way, whether Sir John prove ingenuous or not. The King will let him understand, as soon as he appears, that his continuance in his prevarications was the worst way he can take for his own safety, and it is intended he shall be sent for in such a manner as he shall not have advice given him, before he goes, or after his return, when he will be made a close prisoner, if there can be any such thing in England."

Wherefore these conferences, and such precautions, if the council had not reason to fear the disclosures which Fenwick could make? Meanwhile, a chief witness against Fenwick, one

Goodman, absconded, but Vernon expresses himself rather pleased at it,—“for I hope the House may be brought to proceed against him by attainder.” “Attainder!” the *dernier ressort* of English jurisprudence, against a man who was only a subordinate agent in a very common-place plot. But the determination thus to proceed was persisted in; and the following exulting extracts from Vernon's letter of November the 6th, show that Fenwick was regarded by them as a criminal who must be put out of the way. Part of this letter has already appeared in the ‘Shrewsbury Correspondence’:

“I thank God I can now send your Grace the joyful account of this day's success, that has been carried, as well according to my expectations as wishes. Your Grace and your friends, and some others for your sakes, are not only honourably acquitted, but Sir John Fenwick is likewise to be proceeded against by bill of attainder, and this they have got by conveying away Goodman, and it has made your Grace's justification so much the more remarkable, as the House of Commons have had a proper occasion to show their resentment against this man. * * The Secretary acquainted the House with the orders he had from the King, to lay Fenwick's papers before the House, if they thought fit. He told them of the King's sense of them, and the little satisfaction he received when he examined Fenwick upon them, and that he looks upon his first paper, as intended only to raise distrust, and to embroil his affairs, and he took the occasion to instance it only in relation to your Grace and Mr. Russel. I suppose he spoke then by rule, and was not to say much to raise the House; and I observe he told them, he came lately into the knowledge of anything that related to Sir John, as if the matter would have been mended, if more of it had passed through his hands. The papers were then carried up and read, as well as the examination I took at Sir John's paper. * *

“I spoke to Mr. Boyle early this morning at his lodgings. I spoke to Mr. Harley in the House, who came late, but I might as well have let them both alone; they were very well in their answers to me, but neither of them showed anything of it in the debate. Perhaps they thought it sufficient to be silent. But in the bill of Attainder, Harley spoke against it, and both of them stayed together at that division. The Speaker, I think, did his part, and was ready to frame fit questions: he gives his service to your Grace.”

Although Vernon seems to speak of the bill of attainder as passing easily, Burnet records that it met with great opposition at every step, and that, “the debates were the hottest and held the longest of any that I ever knew.” The difficulty, however, which the ministry found in carrying it is alluded to in the following extracts:—

“I think one may now give a good guess at what will be the success of the Bill of Attainder in the House of Commons. The question for committing it being carried at eleven at night, by 182 against 128: and after all things were said that could be heaped together to deter men from dipping their hands in blood, and being concerned in a sanguinary cause. * * I told my Lord Marlborough likewise, how your Grace enquired after him. He owns himself to blame that he has not written to you; he seems very hearty in this matter, and as if he would push it. It would be well my Lord Wharton should be here soon, that they may advise together how they will manage the bill when it comes to the Lords; for I think no doubt is to be made but it will pass on Wednesday. The good members seem more eager for it than ever; those who were absent yesterday, as well as those that were present, were in great concern least the question might have been lost by the surprise in putting it so soon.”

Marlborough had certainly every reason for “pushing it,” since that he was implicated in this very plot, is what few acquainted with the history of the period will deny. The bill of attainder was sent to the Lords on the 25th, and the anxiety of the Duke and his secretary becomes

evidently most intense. According to Burnet, whose account well supplies the deficiencies in the Correspondence before us, strong arguments were used in the Lords, against this obnoxious mode of proceeding. The reader, however, will long ere this have perceived that Fenwick's doom was determined upon—strong evidence, we think, that he was the depository of secrets which the ministry were resolved to bury in the grave.

It was not without a fierce struggle that the bill was carried in the Lords. On the second reading, Vernon says, the debate lasted until twelve at night, and seventy-three voted for, and fifty-five against, the second reading; of the latter, fifty-two also signed a protest. At length, after a month's delay, the bill passed by only a poor majority of seven:—

"And one would wonder it passed at all, when one considers who they were that voted against it, particularly all the Lords Justices, who had voices, except the Archbishop of Canterbury, who spoke for the bill to admiration. * * The bishops stuck as they were; the Prince and Lord Bradford stayed it now and voted for the bill. Lord Chesterfield, who would have been against it, was absent. The lords who were against the bill, thought to have cast a reproach upon the bishops for differing from them; but my Lord of Canterbury wiped it off, and justified their opinions from Scripture, reason, and whatever else was proper to support it. The former days' proceedings did not hinder, but the Earl of Monmouth spoke and voted for the bill."

It was as well to add "whatever else," for had they depended on Scripture and reason alone, this disgraceful bill would never have been carried. Still, Shrewsbury would not return to town while Fenwick lived, but continued sending excuses of illness and relapses. The following concludes the story of Sir John Fenwick:—

"The Marquis of Normanby delivered to the Lords a petition yesterday, in behalf of Sir John Fenwick, that he might, by the Lords' intercession, have a reprieve for a few days, in consideration that he had not had the assistance of a divine till the day before, at which time the late Bishop of Peterborough was admitted to see him. My Lord Wharton and some others opposed it. The Archbishop of Canterbury told them the like petition had been presented to the King the night before, and he refused it, saying, 'he neither could nor would do it.' Upon that my Lord Nottingham replied, the King then had been misinformed as to his power, for he might not only reprieve him, but pardon him if he thought fit. The Archbishop brought it off with a distinction of what might be done by prerogative, and what in prudence was fit. The Bishop of Salisbury [Burnet] telling them of a letter taken up in the streets, which had dark expressions, as if the King would not live to see Fenwick executed. It had no other effect but that the Lords, resolving on an address for a reprieve, put into it, if his Majesty thought it consistent with his safety, and the safety of his government. Some of the White Staves getting out of the way to avoid carrying it, it was put upon my Lord Scarborough and the Bishop of London. My Lord Normanby and the Bishop of Salisbury were for giving one another that office; but the Bishop refused it in such a manner, that he was near being sent to the Tower, and was not freed but by asking their pardon for scrupling to obey any orders of the House. I hear the King's answer was, that he could not judge how consistent it was with the safety of the government to defer Sir John Fenwick's execution, but since they desired it, it should be put off till Thursday next, and a writ was issued accordingly. * * Sir John Fenwick was beheaded this morning upon Tower-hill. Sir Godfrey Copley, who was upon the scaffold with Colonel Grenville, tells me he appeared very composed, and shewed no concern at dying. He saluted the company on coming up, but did not speak to any, except the late Bishop of Peterborough, who was there with two other divines whom Sir Godfrey did not know. Sir John (was) despatched in less than half an hour. The Bishop prayed with him out of a book where it was penned

down. They prayed for the King without naming him. The rest was a form proper for the occasion. When he rose up, he gave the sheriff a paper which was sealed up. He could not hear what he said to him in delivering it. Then he prepared himself for the block, and desired first to make trial how he should lay himself to it; after that he took his leave of the bishop, knelt down and made a short prayer to himself, and, lying down, he told the executioner he was not to expect a signal; who, therefore, staying a little, struck off his head at one blow."

"No one can doubt," says Mr. James, "but that Fenwick was tried for one crime, and executed for another, and that the horrible method of proceeding by attainder, which alone brought him within the grasp of the law, was resorted to solely in consequence of his accusation of Shrewsbury." We are surprised that Mr. James should exculpate that nobleman from all participation in the plot, even if there were no other grounds of suspicion than the correspondence before us. But we have the evidence of Burnet, in which the truth comes out in spite of himself; that of Lord Dartmouth, who declares on his own knowledge, that rewards and punishments "were very liberally promised and threatened on that occasion;" and we cannot but agree in the opinion of Lord Hardwicke, that "there is too much reason to think that the greater part of Sir John Fenwick's informations were true, and that the management of party was such, that he was prevented from speaking out, lest he should exasperate the great men on both sides, and that the consequence was, that he was afraid to affirm his own tale, and so lost his life." That rewards and punishments were, as Lord Dartmouth states, very liberally promised and threatened, is proved beyond question by this correspondence. Look at the conduct of the Duke and the Duke's agent towards Smith, one of the witnesses. This man was a nephew of Sir William Perkins, who was hanged as a conspirator, and had certainly been employed for some purpose or other by Shrewsbury. No sooner had Fenwick's depositions implicated the Duke, than Smith, in Vernon's phrase, "began to prate," and gave out that he could strengthen the evidence. Did Shrewsbury, on this, act like an honest man? First, Smith is denounced as "an impudent, vain, lying coxcomb," and persons are employed to watch and betray him; but in a short time, the Secretary is happy to hear that my Lord Keeper has "satisfied his Grace as to Smith, and that he was not likely to be any further troublesome;" and the Lord Keeper, it appears, is of opinion that "such services" ought to be considered: and within twenty-four hours Smith was offered an employment in Flanders, which "he pretended to like very well," but was loth to depart. In fact, Smith was a rascal, who knew the value of his evidence, and resolved to sell his silence at the highest price: but this does not invalidate his testimony, which is confirmed by the attempt to bribe him to secrecy. Smith now said he was in debt, though "not long since" he had received fifty guineas. "I know not (says Vernon) whether this be not a pretence for a farther supply; I find he still talks after the same rate of the capacity he is in to discover the intrigues of the enemies of the government." To be sure he did, and within three days, for both parties were fighting against time—the one to get the trial over, and the other to make his bargain before it was over—Smith wrote another "very arrogant and impertinent letter" to my Lord Portland. "He takes notice of the fifty guineas my Lord had given him, which went but a little way in satisfying some importunate creditors: in short, that he wanted more money, and he hoped it would not be denied him; for in consideration of his Lordship he had forborne to follow the advice given him, of laying before the Par-

liament the discoveries he had formerly made, and they were so zealous for the King's preservation, that they would not let such services as his were pass unrewarded." Had this man nothing to tell? My Lord Keeper heard of this, and promised "to speak to my Lord Portland, that care may be taken to keep him quiet." Within three days, again, Vernon writes—"I find by my Lord Keeper that Smith has received a further supply of money, and his Lordship thinks him now quieted for some time, having seen something under his hand to that effect." Yet within two days Smith is pressing for more money. "However (says Vernon) my Lord Keeper, remembering what your Grace writ to me formerly on that subject, and still keeping to his opinion, that your Grace should not be seen to give this man anything, he proposed to my Lord Portland that he should give him twenty guineas more to stop his mouth at present, and I should furnish it, which I have undertaken, to-morrow morning, and I'll carry that sum with me, and let my Lord know I shall have more in readiness if he finds occasion for it. That being my Lord Keeper's advice; and since this method is taken, it would be unadvisable to stick at a small matter, but weather it as one can, till Fenwick's business be over, and then this gentleman's supporters will go near to fail him." And Smith's mouth was stopped. When called to give evidence before the House, "he was first asked (says Vernon) what he knew of any correspondence with France carried on by persons employed by the government. He denied he knew anything at all of it. He was asked particularly by my Lord Marlborough, Mr. Russell, Lord Godolphin, and your Grace, and made the same answer." Can any man, after reading these facts, believe that Shrewsbury was innocent?

Within six weeks of Fenwick's execution, Shrewsbury arrived in London. The letters have now less interest, but still there are incidents and traits of the period, which can only be met with in contemporary letters. There is something amusing, too, in the manner in which the celebrated men of that day, or of the following reign, are mentioned—Mr. Prior, merely as the *chargé d'affaires* at the Hague—Mr. Harley, as a promising young man, though with an inveterate Tory bias—and Dr. Newton—the great Sir Isaac Newton—sent to by Mr. Vernon, for information relative to the debasement of the coin, or to prepare evidence to convict some noted "clippers and coiners." The following gives us a glimpse of a stormy debate in the Commons:

"When the House were in a committee upon the Civil List, there were some reflecting touches. Mr. Smith happened to express the necessity of the family in an ill-chosen word, though with a good meaning, saying that the King was in a starving condition. Mr. Grenville took a fancy to repeat the word very often; and if the King were starving, why then were such grants made of crown lands, and why such grants and great pensions, and why foreigners enriched and made lords?—Sir William Cooper answered him—by that gentleman's talking of pensions, he seemed to know they were paid, but he hoped they were not, for he did not desire they should. Mr. Montague nipped him yet closer, saying, he found some gentlemen could not bear that this Prince should recompense any of his servants. If they would inquire into former as well as present gratifications, they might make something of it, and he could tell them of a family that had cost the crown in King Charles's time 300,000*l.* It was believed that some gentlemen would have taken this opportunity to make their court, and wiped off the remembrance of abundance of oppositions by a forwardness in so critical a point, but they have not yet shewed any such intention."

Here is the account of Lord Sunderland's resignation:—

* My Lord Sunderland would not stay to be ad-

dressed from court, and therefore, last night, he delivered up his key and staff. He was with the King about a quarter of an hour, before the cabinet sat, and when he came out of the closet he took me over to his lodgings, and said he had pressed the King he might resign, not being able to lead any longer the life he had led; that the King did not think fit he should leave his key there, but gave him leave to put it into my hands, which he accordingly did, cutting it off from his side. When I came up stairs again, I found those were not the directions, but what he would absolutely do; for the King would not have the key thus delivered, much less through my hands; and when the cabinet was up, I was sent to him to Erle's-court, to desire he would take his key again, but he could not endure to hear of it. I begged only he would suspend his resolution till next day that he had spoke to my Lord Chancellor, who had not then been at council, acquainting him that the King had told it to my Lord Orford, who very much disapproved of what he had done. He was unalterably fixed to hear no more of it, and never to meddle with that or any other public employment. I put him in mind that he would give contrary advices to those who were as uneasy in their employments as he might be; and since he did it in consideration of the King's service, whether the same considerations ought not to prevail on him when the King found himself in such distress, by being forsaken of those whom he placed the greatest confidence in, and I hope whatsoever disgusted him might be made easier. He said it was not on account of the parliament only that he came to this resolution, for he had otherwise led the life of a dog, having done all that was in his power for the service of a party whom he could never oblige to live easily with him, or to treat him with common civility. He came out with one expression, which I shall never mention but to your Grace, that there was no rack like to what he suffered, by being ground as he had been between Lord Monmouth and Lord Wharton. As soon as it was out, he recollected himself again, and said he would not have opened himself so far to anybody but me; your Grace therefore will please to keep his secret if he be one. He added the troubles he had undergone with the E— of P—, only for the service of your Grace and my Lord Orford. I put in a word then, and said the E— of P— would now let himself loose again, remembering what he had told to my Lord Portland; but he slighted, saying, what can he do or signify? The King is very much concerned at his going off: he hath been pressing for it these three Sundays successively, and all endeavours used to turn him from it. The King finds himself in great want of some he may be free with. He doth not see he hath any but my Lord Chancellor, and he hath business that keeps him from attending as often as it would be necessary."

Although Fenwick had been safely put out of the way, and those whom he had accused still remained high in the king's favour, their situation was far from enviable. Fierce debates took place in the House of Commons relative to the standing army, and in this instance, as in that of the bill of attainder, we find the Jacobite party asserting the principles of old English freedom, while the men who came into office with the watchword of liberty on their lips, stood forth the advocates of arbitrary principles. According to Burnet, William was indignant at the refusal of the Parliament to allow him to retain his Dutch guards, and this refusal is, by most historians, brought forward as an instance of ingratitude. Indeed, William himself says, in a letter to Lord Galway, "I am afraid that the good God will punish the ingratitude of this nation." But with all deference, we cannot help thinking with Lord Onslow, that his keeping his Dutch guards looked like a distrust of the people; and that if he had that great affection for them, he was often enough in Holland to give them his countenance, "for the person of the King of England guarded by a troop of foreigners, was not a pleasing sight to Englishmen who had trusted him so far as to make him their king."

The following extract gives us a striking view of the ill management of the navy. No wonder

buccaneering became so profitable a profession, and that Captain Kidd, of whom there are several notices in these letters, should have preferred it to the regular service:—

"October 1, 1698.

"We have a pretty strange story from Barbadoes, by a ship lately arrived at Portsmouth. They give an account of Mr. Gray's arrival there on the 27th of July, with the Sandados and Speedwell men-of-war, in the latter of which a design was laid to seize the officers and run away with the ship, on a pirating voyage to the South Sea. But it was discovered a fortnight before they reached Barbadoes, and at their arrival there, twenty-five of the seamen were brought prisoners ashore; among the rest an old buccaneer, who was the contriver of the project. They say the same was laid in the Queenborough, a ship appointed to carry Sir Thomas Day's son to his government at Bermudas, and they believe that has taken effect. It is but a melancholy reflection to find the fleet infected with this kind of debauchery, which nobody knows how far it may spread. One may see what has led them to it,—the long want of pay, and the abuse in the manner of it; the ill example set by the officers, who have defrauded the men of the shares they should have had of prizes, cheating and embezzling themselves, and allowing nobody else; at least not the poor sailors, to be the better for it; the corruption and neglect of the governors in the West Indies, in receiving pirates under their protection, and sharing with them in the plunder. How the discipline of the navy will be restored is another question, and without it our security is gone, and our sea walls are undermined. * * *

"Sir Edmund Harrison tells me there are various reports in town about Kidd; some say he has surrendered himself to my Lord Bellamont upon terms, others that he, distrusting my Lord Bellamont, had put to sea again. They talk of proposals he has made at Long Island, to give 30,000*l.* to his owners, who fitted him out, and 20,000*l.* to any person who should procure him his pardon. From this uncertainty of reports, all Sir Edmund concludes is, that Kidd is on the New York coast, and in all probability will be seized there. The Old East India Company are very inquisitive after Kidd, and if he be taken with any treasure, it is very likely they may claim it, for the indemnifying them."

Meanwhile William, who although he had quarrelled with his Whig ministry, could never bring himself to act cordially with their successors, was fast sinking. It seems very questionable whether "Sorrel" really deserved the honours paid him by the Jacobites, for although his stumbling might have accelerated the king's death, it could scarcely be said to have produced it; for Mr. Vernon's letters for months before speak of the king as feverish and dropsical, in short, as evidently labouring under a complication of disorders. The following is Mr. Vernon's account of his death, and with it we close our notice of this Correspondence:—

"Whitehall, March 8, 1701-2.

"I sent you on Friday last the melancholy account of our master's illness, and now I must tell you the most afflicting news, that we are for ever deprived of him. It pleased God to take him to himself about eight this morning, but his memory ought ever to be precious among us. His fit returned upon him yesterday, and left him very weak. It was thought fit to give him Jesuit's powder, but his strength was so far sunk, that all remedies were too late. The Council met immediately upon this sad occurrence, and settled the orders for proclaiming the Queen this afternoon; then they attended her Majesty, and were sworn again of the Privy Council, and her Majesty made the following declaration to them, which is since printed and enclosed. After this his Majesty's death was notified to both Houses of Parliament then sitting. The resolutions the Commons came to upon this occasion, you will see in the enclosed votes, and I ought not to omit telling you, that as the House shewed great concern for the loss of his Majesty, so they were very firm in their resolutions of supporting the alliances that are or shall be made against France. The Lords have also resolved upon an address to the like effect. Her Majesty has been proclaimed this afternoon, both Houses attending the ceremony."

It is somewhat strange, that Mr. James, Historiographer to Her Majesty, under the sanction of whose name these Letters are given to the public, should not know that they form a part of the materials whence Coxe selected the 'Shrewsbury Correspondence,' now deposited in the British Museum. He simply states in his preface, "These papers I was requested to edit by the publisher, and have his fullest assurance of their authenticity."

Night and Morning. By the Author of 'Rienzi,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

THE remembrance of a slight story, 'Black and White,' which appeared a year or two since in one of the Annuals, suggested to us, that under the enigmatical title of 'Night and Morning,' Sir Edward Bulwer might possibly intend to shadow forth the close and sudden contrasts which chequer the web of human destiny. We were right, it seems, in our conjecture: the strange caprices of Fortune, and the inextricable manner in which, as Moore has fancifully said, the bright and dark threads are intertwined, form the matter concerning which the author of 'Eugene Aram' has broken his three years' silence, as regards fiction. Doctors will disagree as to his having gained or lost strength during this temporary secession. For ourselves, the work before us reminds us rather of his earlier novels, than of the 'Pompeii' and 'Rienzi,' in which the fever of the young man, and the pre-occupation of the egotist, appeared to have subsided into the calmness and mastery of the artist. There is no lack of adventure in 'Night and Morning': the changes of scene are innumerable; and large the number, and brightly sketched, the busy crowd of persons who bustle through it. Hence, there is little doubt that this novel will become popular: it is another question, whether it deserves to rank high, or to live long; since it seems to us not so much a work of art, as a work of artifice. Cleverness of construction, such as brings about encounters, contrasts, situations—all, in short, that is comprehended by the term stage-effect—could hardly be pushed farther, or more frequently recurred to, than in this novel. Here, for example, is a scene, calling for no explanatory introduction, which could not be beaten by the cleverest of the Dumanoirs or De Melevilles who labours for the *Ambigu Comique* or the *Porte St. Martin*:—

"The Coiners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gawtreys. While, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics, the machinery of the Dark Trade went on in its several departments. Apart—alone—at the foot of a long table, sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and when, led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal occupations of the wild forms amidst which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrank from the side of Gawtreys; but, deep compassion for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscene jests, the fearful oaths, that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over the groups, that Gawtreys observing him, trembled for his safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, kept silent the fiery denunciations of a nature, still proud and honest, that quivered on his lips. All present were armed with pistols and cutlasses except

Morton, who suffered the weapons presented to him to lie unheeded on the table. 'Courage, mes amis!' said Gawtre, closing his book. 'Courage!—a few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days. Where is Birnie?' 'Did he not tell you?' said one of the artisans, looking up. 'He has found out the cleverest hand in France,—the very fellow who helped Bouchard in all his five-franc pieces. He has promised to bring him to-night.' 'Ay, I remember,' returned Gawtre, 'he told me this morning: he is a famous decoy!' 'I think so, indeed!' quoth a coiner; 'for he caught you, the best head to our hands that ever les industriels were blessed with—*sacré fichtre!*' 'Flatterer!' said Gawtre, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon. 'To your healths!' Here the door slid back, and Birnie glided in. 'Where is your booty, *mon brave?*' said Gawtre. 'We only coin money; you coin men, stamp with your own seal, and send them current to the devil!' The coiners, who liked Birnie's ability (for the *ci-devant* engraver was of admirable skill in their craft), but who hated his joyless manners, laughed at this taunt, which Birnie did not seem to heed, except by a malignant gleam of his dead eye. 'If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jacques Giramont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave.' 'Bon! we give it,—eh, *messieurs?*' said Gawtre. 'Ay, ay,' cried several voices. 'He knows the oath, and will hear the penalty.' 'Yes, he knows the oath, replied Birnie, and glided back. In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic's blouse. The newcomer wore the republican beard and moustache—of a sandy grey—his hair was the same colour; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favoured appearance of his features. 'Diable! Monsieur Giramont! but you are more like Vulcan than Adonis!' said Gawtre. 'I don't know anything about Vulcan, but I know how to make five-franc pieces,' said Monsieur Giramont, doggedly. 'Are you poor?' 'As a church mouse! The only thing belonging to a church, since the Bourbons came back, that is poor!' At this sally, the coiners, who had gathered round the table, uttered the shout with which, in all circumstances, Frenchmen receive a *bon mot*. 'Humph!' said Mr. Gawtre. 'Who responds, with his own life, for your fidelity?' 'I,' said Birnie. 'Administer the oath to him.' Suddenly four men advanced, seized the visitor, and bore him from the vault into another one within. After a few moments they returned. 'He has taken the oath, and heard the penalty.' 'Death to yourself, your wife, your son, and your grandson, if you betray us!' 'I have neither son nor grandson; as for my wife, Monsieur le Capitaine, you offer a bribe instead of a threat when you talk of her death!' 'Sacré! but you will be an addition to our circle, *mon brave!*' said Gawtre, laughing; while again the grim circle shouted applause. 'But I suppose you care for your own life?' 'Otherwise I should have preferred starving to coming here,' answered the laconic neophyte. 'I have done with you. Your health!' On this the coiners gathered round Monsieur Giramont, shook him by the hand, and commenced many questions, with a view to ascertain his skill. 'Show me your coinage first; I see you use both the die and the furnace. Hem! this piece is not bad—you have struck it from an iron die?' 'right—it makes the impression sharper than plaster of Paris. But you take the poorest and the most dangerous part of the trade in taking the Home Market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much—and with safety! Look at this!'—and Monsieur Giramont took a forged Spanish dollar from his pocket, so skillfully manufactured, that the *connoisseurs* were lost in admiration. 'you may pass thousands of these all over Europe, except France, and who is ever to detect you? But it will require better machinery than you have here.' Thus conversing, Monsieur Giramont did not perceive that Mr. Gawtre had been examining him very curiously and minutely. But Birnie had noted their chief's attention, and once attempted to join his new ally, when Gawtre laid his hand on his shoulder, and stopped him. 'Do not speak to your friend till I bid you, or—' he stopped short, and touched his pistol. Birnie grew a shade more pale, but replied

with his usual sneer, 'Suspicious!—well, so much the better!' and seating himself carelessly at the table, lighted his pipe. And now, Monsieur Giramont, said Gawtre, as he took the head of the table, 'come to my right hand. A half holiday in your honour. Clear these infernal instruments; and more wine, *mes amis!*' The party arranged themselves at the table. Among the desperate there is almost invariably a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud. Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre; for, in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall round its owner. But that respectable personage kept his furtive watch upon Giramont and Gawtre, who appeared talking together, very amicably, towards the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable foreboding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Giramont: this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtre. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief's blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtre ever, as he spoke to Giramont, bent on that person's lips as he listened to his reply. For, whenever William Gawtre suspected a man, he watched not his eyes, but his lips. Waked from his scornful reverie, a strange spell fascinated Morton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward, with parted mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation. 'It seems to me a little strange,' said Mr. Gawtre, raising his voice, so as to be heard by the party, 'that a coiner so dexterous as Monsieur Giramont should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie.' 'Not at all,' replied Giramont; 'I worked only with Bouchard and two others, since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity—everything has its commencement.' 'C'est juste: buvez donc, *cher ami!*' The wine circulated: Gawtre began again. 'You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giramont,—how did you lose your eye?' 'In a scuffle with the *gens d'armes* the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped: such misfortunes are on the cards.' 'C'est juste: buvez donc, Monsieur Giramont!' Again there was a pause, and again Gawtre's deep voice was heard. 'You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giramont? to judge by your eyelashes, your own hair has been a handsomer colour.' 'We seek disguise, not beauty, my host! and the police have sharp eyes.' 'C'est juste, buvez donc,—*ricieux Rénard!*—when did you two meet last?' 'Never, that I know of!' 'Ce n'est pas vrai! buvez donc, MONSIEUR FAVART!' At the sound of that name, the company started in dismay and confusion; and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprung from his seat, and put his right hand into his blouse. 'Ho, there!—treason!' cried Gawtre, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat. It was the work of a moment. Morton, where he sat, beheld a struggle—he heard a death-cry. He saw the huge form of the master-coiner rising above all the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round. He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled above the table—bottles crashing—the board shaking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass.

To the production and repetition of such scenes the philosophic purpose of the book has been too largely sacrificed.

Philip Morton, the hero, is the child of a concealed marriage; the testimonies of which are destroyed in the first hundred pages with such elaborate care, that, but for Crabbe's consolatory line,—

We never care, secure again to meet,—

we should have despaired of his regaining his inheritance, after it had once been pounced upon by his sanctimonious uncle. Thus also, with such a gratuitous frequency is the fortune-stricken youth suspended by a gossamer thread over abysses of shame and destruction, that, but for the miracle of the novelist, whose resolution

it was to rescue him, we feel that he must again and again have been overwhelmed "full fathom five" beyond recovery. And yet, "Time, Faith, Energy" are announced (in capitals, according to Sir Edward Bulwer's custom of pointing his moral) as his device. What avail these, as the guides and bosom guests of the oppressed, if a *Deus ex machina* is also to appear for his succour on all trying occasions and hair-breadth escapes? Which was it that made the romantic Madame Merville his guardian angel?—which that guided him to the contents of the long-lost bureau, at that critical juncture when a moment's delay would have been fatal? As belonging to a romance, the scenes referred to are admirable, because exciting; but, as illustrating lessons of life, they are flagrantly false, and only from their excessive flagrancy not dangerous.

Sir Edward Bulwer is, as usual, shrewd and felicitous in all minor epical details, not directly forcing on those theatrical climaxes, to which, as coming from such a writer, we object on principle. We might refer, in proof, to the originals assembled at the *table d'hôte* of a Paris marriage-broker; but must remark, with regret, that a group so piquantly arranged should, in a subsequent scene, play such coarse and farcical tricks (see p. 89) as would not be allowed to pass without a hiss, even between a Clown and a Columbine in a Christmas pantomime.

We have not yet spoken of the principal characters of the novel; but our judgment is implied by our remarks upon the nature of the fable which they support and conduct to its close. The only ability absent from their creation has been *prob-ability*. As the hero was to be placed in extravagant situations, it was necessary to endow him with prodigious attributes—the principles of a philosopher, the affections of a woman, and the passions of a young Hercules. Far better and truer to nature, because less ambitiously laboured, is the character of his gentle, poetical, selfish brother Sidney. Fanny, again, who commences her career of heroineship in a sort of picturesque idiosyncrasy, from which estate Love redeems her, is, we fear, a pretty and fantastic impossibility. Gawtre, the high-souled, epicurean, sternly-vindictive *chevalier d'industrie*, using our hero as a tool, yet resolving to keep him uncontaminated:—where is the reality of such a being? Lord Lilburne is better, another repetition of the worn-out hard-headed voluptuary of the world, capable, upon calculation, of any crime unpunishable by law and loss of caste—whom Sir Edward Bulwer delights to draw. The real truth and strength of character to be found in the novel belongs to its Roger Mortons and Plaskwiths, and the French group just cited, and thrown in as make-weights, with all the prodigality of genius. To conclude: while the vivacity and variety of 'Night and Morning' will carry it throughout the whole world of novel-readers, we cannot but wish that its author would more largely practise what he has so soberly preached in his discourses upon "Art in Fiction."

Temperance Intelligencer.—Mr. Buckingham's Address. Paseo.

IN September 1837, Mr. Buckingham left England, with the intention of visiting the United States; of proceeding thence through Mexico to the Isthmus of Darien, crossing the Pacific to China, and thence returning by India and the Mediterranean Sea. Wars and rumours of wars, the disturbed state of Mexico, and the disputes in China, put an end to this vast project, and compelled him to limit his journey to the United States, where he has been for nearly three years. The paper before us, contains a brief summary of his labours and lecturings there, and the re-

sults so far as Temperance and Sailors' Homes are concerned. The more minute details of the scenes and events, in reference to these and other subjects presented by his extensive tours, is reserved for a work which he is now preparing for the press: still there are matters of sufficient interest in the brochure before us, to deserve notice.

The first year was devoted to the Atlantic and New England States, and Mr. Buckingham, it appears, was everywhere received with welcome and enthusiasm. In proof, we may observe, that at New Bedford, his lectures in behalf of Seamen's Homes ended "in the adoption of a plan to raise a fund of several thousand dollars, by a small tax of a penny per ton on all the shipping belonging to the port, which was readily acquiesced in by the ship-owners, to be devoted to the building and support of a Sailors' Home."

At Plymouth, the landing place of the Pilgrim Fathers, he delivered a Temperance address:—

"My lectures were given in the Pilgrim Hall; and this ancient seat of the learning and piety of the first founders of the British colonies of the American continent, could boast during my stay in it, that it did not contain a single dram-shop, or place where ardent spirits are sold; that it had not had a dwelling destroyed by fire for nearly a century past; that it had no poor to sustain, and not a single occupant in its jail, which had been empty for many months, and was soon about to be let for some other purpose."

The second year was spent in the Southern States, and was equally successful; funds were raised for Sailors' Homes at Charleston, Savannah, and many other places. At New Orleans, says Mr. Buckingham,—

"At the close of my address, a wealthy merchant of the city rose, and stated to the audience, that after the details he had heard of the ravages of Intemperance, and of the strong claims of the seamen, especially, to the aid and protection of those who reaped their fortunes by their labours, he could not remain a silent spectator of the scene, nor refuse to follow up, and go beyond, the example of New Bedford, Charleston, and Savannah, in providing Sailors' Homes, for the rescue of the ill-used mariner from the snares of his betrayers. He said, he had just purchased 600 bales of cotton, and was about to ship them for Europe; and he would agree to pay five dollars per bale, on his entire shipment, or 3,000 dollars in the whole, if all the other merchants and shippers of cotton in New Orleans, would consent to pay one cent. per bale on every bale shipped by them for the remainder of the year. This was hailed with general acclamation, when, after a short pause, a gentleman rose to ask whether, in the event of there being any individuals so mean and ungenerous as not to come into the arrangement, the worthy merchant would still adhere to his offer? on which another inhabitant of the city rose, and said, that to remove all doubt on the subject, he was so satisfied that few or none of this description of persons could be found in New Orleans, that he would undertake to make up the amount of all who should refuse, or be deficient. The spark soon kindled into a flame, and the warm hearts of the Southerners gradually opened and expanded with every successive offer. Some, not dealing in cotton, but shipping sugar largely, agreed to pay five cents. per hoghead on all exported for the year. Others, having steam-boats employed in towing vessels in and out of port, agreed to give 25 cents. for every schooner, 50 cents. for every brig, and a dollar for every ship towed up or down the Mississippi by their steam tugs throughout the season. Thus, before the meeting closed, a fund was guaranteed, amply sufficient to accomplish all our wishes; and to the worthy collector of customs at New Orleans, who occupied the chair of the meeting, was confided the task of collecting these sums, which his official situation would so well enable him to do."

The third year was passed in travelling through the Western States and the Canadas. On this occasion, Mr. Buckingham visited the co-operative community of the Rappists: his report differs from some previous ones, to which we need not allude:—

"We were delighted with the patriarchal character of the venerable founder, now healthy and vigorous though past his eightieth year, and with the health, competency, contentment, and morality of this cheerful community; who have completely proved, by their success, the soundness of the principle, that co-operation in labour is favourable to the utmost amount of production; and that co-operation in society ensures the most equitable mode of distribution, and largest share of enjoyment to all: while the bond of religious union strengthens their temporal ties, and makes their condition one of tranquil enjoyment for the present—sweetened by a confiding hope in the still greater happiness of the future."

His account of Cincinnati and Louisville may also suggest curious comparisons with those of some former travellers:—

"In this 'Queen of the Western Waters,' as this surprising and promising city is called—numbering a population of 40,000 persons, though scarcely forty years old, and having more spacious streets, more splendid public buildings, and more elegant private mansions and villas, than perhaps any city of its size or age on the continent of North America—we remained some weeks; making an excursion from it to one of its interior settlements, Dayton, in Ohio, the most flourishing of all the many thriving and beautiful villages we saw in our journey, and returning by the lovely valley of the Miami, to the Queen City again. As this was in the month of May, we saw the green hills and verdant vales that encircle her from behind, and the rich and varied banks of the river that washes her borders in front, under the greatest advantages of season, climate, and temperature, and our admiration was proportionately great."

"* From Cincinnati we ascended the river Ohio as far as Maysville, for the purpose of making a journey from thence through the interior of Kentucky, which was accomplished, by going to Lexington, in the heart of the State, and thence by Frankfort, the capital, in the interior, to Louisville, the great commercial mart on the banks of the river. If the rural landscape and glowing verdure of Ohio delighted us, the waving plains, and woodland pastures of Kentucky, in the glorious month of June, excited in a still greater degree our surprise and admiration. Its grass, its flowers, its shrubs, its forest-foliage, seemed as if possessing the virgin brightness and exuberance of a new-born world. This 'Garden of the Union,' as it is deservedly called, enchanted us by its fertility and beauty; and the freshness, frankness, and hearty cordiality of Kentuckian manners and feelings, scarcely gratified us less. In addition to other labours in this rich and interesting State, we held a meeting of the friends of Temperance, under the shade of one of its delicious groves within a few miles of Lexington, on a Sabbath afternoon, in June; the clergy of the city having deferred their services to admit of their congregations attending; and thousands from far and near coming on horseback and in carriages to attend our assembly; while the united choirs of the several churches, joined on the ground, and filled the air with harmony, in the swelling choruses of Temperance odes and hymns."

Enough is said and indicated even in this brief address, to lead us to look forward with pleasure to the publication, which Mr. Buckingham has announced as forthcoming.

A Narrative of Events connected with the First Abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, &c.
By Capt. Sir Thos. Usher, R.N., K.C.H., C.B.
Dublin, Grant & Bolton.

THE interest which must ever attach to the name and memory of Napoleon has been strangely excited of late; and the present brief record of events connected with his embarkation at Frejus, and voyage to Elba, comes opportunely to gratify public curiosity. Sir Thomas Usher's narrative is plain, simple, and straightforward, as becomes a sailor, and therefore all the more pleasant and interesting.

The news of the success of the Allies, as may be presumed, reached our cruisers in the Mediterranean but vaguely, and only at wide inter-

vals. Towards the close of 1813 the letters and papers from England had spoken of the probable downfall of the Emperor. On the night of the 24th of April, 1814, Capt. Usher, then in command of the *Undaunted*, observed a brilliant light in the direction of Marseilles. At daybreak the ship was off the town, where all was quiet; not even the telegraphs were set to work as usual on the approach of an enemy; everything, indeed, betokened some great change. Eager to know what had happened, Captain Usher resolved to push in for land, first taking the precaution to clear the ship for action. He then ordered her colours, a flag of truce, and the royal standard of the Bourbons—which the ship's tailor made for the occasion,—to be hoisted; and thus equipped, with all her bravery on, she advanced within gun-shot of the forts. A shot, however, was fired, and struck the main deck; and the Captain, therefore, wore round, and hauled down the flag of truce and standard. While wearing, a second shot was fired; and this unusual and unwarrantable departure, as the Captain describes it, from the rules of civilized warfare, determined him to convince the assailants that the British flag was not to be insulted with impunity; he therefore again wore round, placed the ship within point blank shot of the battery, poured in a broadside, and swept it so completely, that in five minutes not a man was to be seen. Shortly after a boat was observed standing out of the harbour, which, on coming alongside, was found to contain the Mayor and municipal officers, who had come from the town to apologize for the unauthorized conduct of those who had fired on the ship, and they informed Capt. Usher of the abdication of Napoleon. The Captain and some of his officers, including the present gallant Commodore (then Captain) Napier, now landed, and were very heartily welcomed. Soon after Col. Campbell, the English Commissioner, arrived, and informed Capt. Usher that the Emperor was on the road, accompanied by the envoys of the Allied Sovereigns. The *Undaunted* immediately proceeded to Frejus, and we shall now leave Capt. Usher to tell his own story:—

"I immediately waited on Col. Campbell, who, although suffering severely from his wounds, immediately accompanied me to the Chapeau Rouge, a small auberge or hotel (and I believe the only one in Frejus), where Napoleon was lodged, and whatever my previous feelings might have been towards this, the most powerful and constant enemy the country ever had to contend with, I am proud to confess, all resentment and uncharitable feeling, if any ever existed, quickly vanished, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation, in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me. His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance, and having announced Col. Campbell and myself, we were immediately presented to him. Napoleon was dressed in the regimentals of the 'Vieille Garde,' and wore the star of the Legion of Honor; he walked forward to meet us, with a book open in his hand, to which he occasionally referred, when asking me questions about Elba, and the voyage thither; he received us with great condescension and politeness; his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. I was shortly afterwards waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented me with lists of the baggage, carriages, horses, &c., belonging to the Emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them."

Nothing of interest or importance passed at the dinner. The Emperor entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation.

"I slept this night at Frejus, and was awake at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room, to implore me to embark the Emperor as quickly as possible, intelligence having been received that the army of Italy,

lately under the command of Eugene Beauharnais, was broken up, that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief; these gentlemen were afraid the Emperor might put himself at their head. I informed them I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had, and requested them to make known to the envoys (who, I dare say, were as little pleased as I was, in being awake at so unreasonable an hour,) their fears and misgivings. It was, indeed, pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining. The envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavour to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boats, should the wind change to the southward and drive in a swell upon the beach, which, from the present appearance of the weather, would, in all probability, happen before many hours, in which case I should be obliged, for the safety of his Majesty's ship, to put to sea again."

The Emperor was manifestly unwilling to embark—was professedly ill, but finding Capt. Ussher resolved to put to sea, he yielded to circumstances.

"Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock. I waited on the Emperor (at a quarter before seven) to inform him that my barge was at the beach; I remained alone with him in his room at the town, until the carriage, which was to convey him to the boat, was announced. He walked up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. There now was a loud noise in the street, upon which I remarked, that a French mob was the worst of all mobs; (I hardly know why I made this remark,) he replied, yes, they are a fickle people, and added, they are like a weathercock. At this moment Comte Bertrand announced the carriages; he immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, 'allons, capitaine'; I turned from him to feel if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it. The folding doors (which opened on a pretty large landing place) were now thrown open, when there appeared a number of most respectable looking people, the ladies, in full dress, waiting to see him. They were perfectly silent; but bowed most respectfully to the Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman in the midst of the group, and asked her, in a courteous tone, if she was married, and how many children she had. He scarcely waited for a reply; but bowing to each individual, as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, myself, and Comte Bertrand, (the Mareschal du Palais), to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys. On arriving there the scene was deeply interesting. It was a bright moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach, and among the trees. On the carriage approaching, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting. The Emperor having left the carriage, embraced Prince Schouvaloff, (who, with Comte Truxos, took leave and returned to Paris,) and, taking my arm, proceeded immediately towards the barge, which was waiting to receive us. Lieutenant Smith, (nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who, it is well known, had been some time confined in the Temple with Capt. Wright,) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer in command of the boat. He came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-board into the boat. The *Undaunted* lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers who were all assembled on the deck. He soon afterwards went forward to the fore-castle amongst the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation. The first thing which attracted his notice was the number of boats

(I think we had eleven). Having made all sail, and fired a royal salute, I accompanied him to my cabin and showed him my cot, which I had ordered to be prepared for him: he smiled when I said I had no better accommodation, and said that everything was very comfortable, and he was sure he would sleep soundly. We now made all sail out of the bay, and shaped our course for Elba. At four, his usual hour, he was up, and had a strong cup of coffee (his constant custom), and at seven came on deck, and seemed not the least affected by the motion of the ship."

The Emperor still retained his good spirits, and commented on what he called the ambition of England.

"He said, that ever since the time of Cromwell, we had set up extraordinary pretensions, and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea—that after the peace of Amiens, Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the former treaty of commerce, which had been made by Vergennes after the American war; but that he, anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which was clear, from the portfolio of Versailles, must be injurious to the interests of France; but on terms of perfect reciprocity, viz., that if France took so many millions of English produce, England should take back as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said, 'this is totally new; I cannot make a treaty on these conditions.' Very well! I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce no more than you can force me, and we must remain as we are without commercial intercourse. Then, said Lord Sidmouth, there will be war, for unless the people of England have the advantage of commerce secured to them, which they have been accustomed to, they will force me to declare war. As you please, it is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not enter into any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated—that although England made Malta the pretext, all the world knew that was not the real cause of the rupture; that he was sincere in his desire for peace, as a proof of which, he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When it was remarked by Colonel Campbell that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce and sending consuls to Ireland, with engineers, to examine the harbours; he laughed, and said, that was not necessary, for every harbour in England and Ireland was well known to him; and Bertrand remarked, that every ambassador was a spy. Napoleon said, that now England had it all her own way, there was no power which could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased.—'Les Bourbons, pauvres diables (here he checked himself), ils sont de Grands Seigneurs qui se contentent d'avoir leurs terres et leur châteaux, mais si le peuple Français devient mécontent de cela, et trouve qu'il n'y a pas l'encouragement pour leurs manufactures dans l'Intérieur qu'ils devraient en avoir, ils seront chassés dans six mois. Marseille, Nantes, Bordeaux, et la Côte ne se soucient pas de cela, car ils ont toujours le même commerce, mais dans l'Intérieur c'est autre chose. Je sais bien comment l'esprit étoit pour moi à Terrere, Lyons, et ces endroits qui ont des manufactures, et que j'ai encouragés.' He said that Spain was the natural friend of France and enemy of Great Britain, that it was the interest of Spain to unite with France in support of their commerce and foreign possessions—that it was a disgrace to Spain to allow us to hold Gibraltar; it was only to bombard it night and day for a year, and it must eventually fall. He asked whether we still held Ceuta; he did not invade Spain, he said, to put one of his own family on the throne, but to revolutionize her, to make her a kingdom en règle, to abolish the Inquisition, feudal rights, and the inordinate privileges of certain classes; he spoke also of our attacking Spain, without a declaration of war and without cause, and seizing the frigates bringing home treasure. Some one remarked, that we knew Spain intended to make common cause with him as soon as the treasure should arrive; he said he did not want it, all he had was five millions (francs) per month. On my asking a question regarding the Walcheren expedition, he said we could not hold Walcheren with less than 14,000 men, half

of whom would be lost annually by disease, and as he had such means in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, it could, at any time, be attacked, and by means of superiority of numbers must fall; that the expedition against it was on too great a scale and too long preparing, as it gave him time. He added that he wrote from Vienna, that the expedition was going to Antwerp. He thought a coup-de-main with ten thousand men, and with less preparation, would have succeeded—laughed at our ignorance in suffering so much time to be lost, and sitting down before Flushing (whereby we lost a large proportion of our army through disease) instead of advancing rapidly on Antwerp, and seemed astonished at our government selecting such a commander-in-chief for so important an expedition."

He subsequently related some anecdotes of the operations against Lord Hood at Toulon, where he commanded the artillery as Major. In the evening a small Genoese trading vessel passed near, and the Captain was ordered on board, as Napoleon was anxious to hear the news.

"Napoleon was on the quarter-deck; he had a great coat and round hat on. As he expressed a wish to question the captain, I sent him to him on the after part of the quarter-deck, and afterwards ordered him down to my cabin. 'Your captain,' said he, 'is the most extraordinary man I ever met with; he put all sorts of questions to me, and without giving me time to reply, repeated the same questions rapidly to me a second time.' When I told him whom he had been speaking to, he appeared all astonishment, and instantly ran on deck hoping to again see him; but Napoleon, to his great disappointment, had already left the deck and gone below. When I told Napoleon that the man had remarked the rapidity with which he put questions to him twice over, he said it was the only way to get at the truth from such fellows. One morning, when Napoleon was on deck, I ordered the ship to be tacked, and we stood towards the Ligurian coast; the weather was very clear as we approached the land; we had a fine view of the Alps; he leaned on my arm, and gazed at them with great earnestness for nearly half an hour; his eye appeared quite fixed. I remarked that he had passed those mountains on a former occasion, under very different circumstances; he merely said, it was very true. The wind was now increasing to a gale, he asked me, laughing, if there was any danger, which was evidently meant to annoy Baron Koller, who was near him, and who had no great faith in the safety of ships, and whom he constantly joked on his bad sailorship, as he suffered dreadfully from sea sickness. He made some observations to me as to our men's allowance of provisions, and seemed surprised that they had cocoa and sugar, and asked how long they had had that indulgence; I told him they were indebted to him for it, that the continental system had done this good for the sailors, that as we could not send our cocoa and sugar to the continent, the government had made that addition to the allowance of the men. We now tacked and stood over towards the Corsican shore; passing a small vessel, he was very anxious for me to hail her for news; I told him we could not get near enough for that purpose, as she was to windward, crossing us on the opposite tack; we were then at table; he whispered me to fire at her and bring her down; I expressed my surprise at his request, as it would denationalize her (referring to his Milan decree); he pinched my ear and laughed, remarking that the treaty of Utrecht directs, that when vessels are boarded it shall be done out of gun-shot; it was on this occasion, he said, England was not prepared for the steps he took in retaliation, upon her blockading an entire line of coast from the river Elbe to Brest; it was that which forced him to take possession of Holland. America behaved with spirit, he said; adding, he thought their state correspondence was very well managed and contained much sound reasoning. I asked him if he issued his Milan decrees for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us? He said he was angry with America for suffering her flag to be denationalized; he spoke long on this subject, and said that America had justice on her side; he rather expected America to invade Mexico; he said the expedition against Copenhagen was most unjust, and in every

point of view bad policy; and that after all, we only took a few vessels that were of no use to us; that the gross injustice of attacking a weaker nation, without a cause and without a declaration of war, did us infinite harm."

He now made some remarks on Toulon and Cherbourg, and on his plans in respect to the French navy, which seem to have been on a gigantic scale, but quite visionary. While on this subject, says Capt. Ussher, he surprised me by explaining to Baron Koller, and that very well, a very nice point of seamanship,—viz. that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor in a tide-way.

"He admired much the regularity with which the duty of the ship was carried on, everything being so well timed, and, above all, the respect observed by the different ranks of officers to each other, and to the quarter deck; he thought this most essential to good discipline, and was not surprised that we were so tenacious of the slightest deviation from it; that he endeavoured to introduce this into the French navy, but could not drive it into the heads of his captains."

In the evening they fell in with the *Berwick* and other ships, and Capt. Ussher invited Sir John Lewis and Capt. Cogan to dine with him.

"When they came on board I presented them to Napoleon: he asked them various questions about their ships, their sailing, and other qualities. Captain Cogan was not a little surprised by his asking him if he were not an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. All this night we carried sail to get in shore, the *Aigle* and *Alcmene* keeping company. At daylight we saw the tower of Calvi bearing south, Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual, he seemed in high spirits, looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing places, &c. As we closed with the shore, the wind moderated. During the bad weather Napoleon remained constantly on deck, and was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship—this was not the case, however, with his attendants, who suffered a good deal. The wind now coming off the land, we hauled close in shore; Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days. We rounded a bold rocky cape, within two or three cables length. Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Koller, said he thought a walk on shore would do them good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The Baron whispered that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to listen to his suggestion. * * Having now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba, Napoleon became very impatient to see it, and asked if we had every sail set. I told him we had all that could be of any use. He said, 'were you in chase of an enemy's frigate should you make more sail?' I looked, and seeing that the starboard top-gallant stern-sail was not set, I observed, that if I were in chase of an enemy I should certainly carry it. He replied, if it could be of use in that case it might be so now. I mention this anecdote to show what a close observer he was, that in fact nothing escaped him. When the man stationed at the mast-head hailed the deck that Elba was right a-head, he became exceedingly impatient, went forward to the fore-castle, and as soon as the land could be seen from the deck, was very particular in inquiring what colours were flying on the batteries. He seemed to doubt the garrison having given in their adhesion to the Bourbons, and it appears not without some reason, as they had, in fact, only done so during the preceding forty-eight hours, so that if we had had a fair wind I should have found the island in the hands of the enemy, and consequently must have taken my charge to the Commander-in-Chief, who would, no doubt, have ordered us to England. * * May 4th, Napoleon was on deck at daylight, and talked for two hours with the harbour master, who had come on board to take charge of the ship as pilot, questioning him minutely about the anchorage, fortifications, &c. At six we weighed and made sail into the harbour; anchored at half-past six near the mole head, and moored ship, hoisted out all the boats and sent some of the baggage on shore. At eight the Emperor asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and requested

me to go with him. He wore a great coat and a round hat. Comte Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent (chief engineer) went with us; Baron Koller declined doing so. When half way he remarked he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination. We walked about two hours. The peasants, taking us for Englishmen, cried 'Viva,' which seemed to displease him; we returned on board to breakfast. He afterwards fixed upon a flag for Elba, requesting me to remain while he did so. He had a book with all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany; he asked my opinion of that which he had chosen, it was a white flag with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band (the bees were in his arms as Emperor of France). He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two, one of them to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock. * * The ship was surrounded by boats with the principal inhabitants, and bands of music on board. The air resounded with shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur, Vive Napoleon!' On landing, he was received by the Prefect, the Clergy, and all the authorities, and the keys were presented to him on a plate, upon which he made a complimentary speech to the Prefect, the people welcoming him with loud acclamations. We proceeded to the church through a double file of soldiers, and from thence to the Hotel de Ville, where the principal inhabitants were assembled, with several of whom he conversed. Remarking an old soldier in the crowd (he was a sergeant, I believe, and wore the order of the Legion of Honor) he called him to him, and seemed delighted to see him, spoke to him by name, and recollected having given him that 'decoration' on the field of battle at Eylau. The old soldier shed tears, the idea of being remembered by his Emperor fairly overcame him. He felt, I doubt not, it was the proudest day of his life. Napoleon afterwards mounted a horse, and attended by a dozen persons, visited some of the outworks; having, before leaving, the ship, invited me to dine with him at seven o'clock. I ordered all my wine and stock to be landed for his use, the island being destitute of provisions of that sort."

Having now safely landed the Emperor in his new Empire, we must leave him at rest for a few days. We shall then visit him once again, and return from thence to Paris, in his company and that of Col. Laborde.

The Life of Warren Hastings. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

[Second Notice.]

It was not our intention to advert a second time to this work, and we only do so in consequence of the author's remonstrance. The following is the letter which he has addressed to us; it is a rare specimen of taste, temper, morals and logic; but as, notwithstanding its frequent travelling out of the record, it touches on some points relevant to the issue, we recommend it to those who feel interested in the argument, and have numbered the several charges, that we may reply specifically to all:—

Sir,

Chelsea, January 6, 1841.

1. You have a perfect right to entertain and to express whatever opinions you choose concerning my book, but you have no right whatever either to misrepresent the nature of the book, or to attribute to me principles which I do not entertain. Having before you only two out of the three volumes of which the memoir consists, you gravely tell your readers, that the work contains no account at all of Mr. Hastings' domestic life and habits. Do you really mean them to believe, that the biographer of that great man has stopped short in his history at the point where general interest would be most powerfully excited by it?—or does your design extend no farther than to show that you yourself have never read the work which you pretend to criticise? If the latter be your object, it is very likely you may have succeeded—if the former, I am inclined to suspect that no one will believe you; your readers at least, will, probably, wait till they receive the third volume, ere they admit the existence of the deficiency of which you complain.

2. You say, that I have set up an ethical standard, such as may not be found either in the Bible or the Koran. How have I done this? by stating a fact, and stating it in such terms as show that I lament, while I acknowledge the existence of the evil? I have said, and I say again, that "the game of Politics between nations is, I am afraid, little better than a gambling transaction." Is it customary with men to be "afraid" of anything of which they approve? Contradict me if you please—refute me if you can; but do

not misrepresent me as the advocate of opinions which I have never held.

3. You are pleased to denounce Mr. Hastings as the sort of monster which the leaders in his impeachment represent him to be. I have neither time nor inclination to enter into controversy with one who mistakes unsupported assertion for argument, but for your own sake, I recommend that, ere you return to the question, you make yourself better acquainted than you now are with the facts which bear upon it; for the outlines of history with which you have favoured us, abundantly prove that you are not as yet qualified so much as to institute an inquiry into Mr. Hastings' merits or demerits as a statesman. For example: you tell us that the capture of Fort William in 1756 was owing to the refusal of the English to deliver up to Suraj ud Dowlah one of his officers, who had taken shelter in Calcutta; and then you draw some inferences from the transactions consequent upon the war, that are unfavourable to the character of Warren Hastings. Can you be ignorant, that the cause which you assign for the rupture with Suraj ud Dowlah is not the true one; and that, for all the great events that occurred in Bengal between the years 1756 and 1765, Mr. Hastings is just as much, and not more, responsible, than he is for Lord Keane's recent march upon the Indus.

4. Again, you quote a letter from the Court of Directors, bearing date 1766, for the purpose of proving that the breach of the treaty of Allahabad was not owing to the peculiar position in which the Mogul in 1773 stood towards the Mah-rattas. I really cannot see how this quotation should at all serve your purpose. The Directors undoubtedly desired to deliver themselves, on the first convenient opportunity, from the heavy tribute with which Lord Clive, in a rash hour, had burdened them. But their representatives in India took no notice of that wish, till the political state of the country forced upon them a conviction that a breach of the treaty was indispensable. What then? Was Mr. Hastings to blame, because events which were under his administration? Surely he who thinks so must believe that Washington and his contemporaries were guilty of a great moral offence; and that England herself, in withholding Peter's pence from the Pope, was, and continues to be, culpable.

But I must not go on, otherwise the exposure of your blunders will occupy as much space as the perpetration. Let me then, conclude by assuring you, that the Visier Sheykh Dowlah was not defeated chiefly in consequence of the defection of his vassal, Bulwant Sing, inasmuch as Bulwant Sing took care not to join the English till the Visier's fortunes had become desperate.

6. That all your sympathy for the Rohillas is wasted, inasmuch as they, a band of foreign usurpers, were simply driven from the country which they had usurped, without suffering more than persons similarly circumstanced are apt to do in like cases,—that Mr. Hastings' threat of "extermination," like Napoleon's bulletins, which told of armies "annihilated," is a form of speech which all the world understands except yourself.

7. That the Begums lived long and happily at Jyzabad, and were among Mr. Hastings' most devoted friends, after they had disgorged one million sterling out of their ill-gotten wealth.

8. That the eunuchs, whom you pity so much, were accustomed to deal with the people under their controul precisely as the Visier dealt with them.

9. That their second imprisonment extracted from them not fifty thousand pounds, but five hundred thousand; and, as Mr. Hastings happened to be upon a sick bed during both seasons of their incarceration, so he had with the torture to which they were subjected no concern whatever.

10. I may add, that your zeal for the establishment in British India of municipal bodies in the towns, and houses of assembly in the provinces, is every way worthy of yourself. But why not go a little farther, and bless the Hindoos and Mussulmans with annual parliaments and universal suffrage?

11. And now, sir, I take my leave of you. I have not the honour to know so much of your name and cannot, therefore, account for the tone of personal rancour which pervades your critique; but I must endeavour to survive it, leaving our common readers to decide whether your unsupported assertions, or my statements, founded on documentary proof, are most worthy of their acceptance.

Your most obedient servant,

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

G. R. GLEIG.

1. What is meant by this series of interrogatories we do not know, and unless (Edipus could be raised from the dead we despair of solving the enigmas. The plain fact which must serve as an answer to them all is, that the two volumes sent us contained little or nothing of the private history of Hastings, a deficiency which the biographer himself admits. Whether the third volume, to which those as yet published make no reference whatever, will be more communicative, could not be known to us until we had seen it; we pronounced judgment on what was before us, and could not form any opinion of that, which, for aught we know, has yet no existence.

2. Mr. Gleig says that we have misrepresented him and his standard of ethics. In his biography he states a fact, the violation of the treaty of Allahabad, and his estimate of the fact is a reference to a standard of diplomatic honesty, based on gambling transactions; a standard which we declared could not be found in the Bible or the Koran. We quoted his own words, and shall do

so again. The qualifying "I am afraid," taken in connexion with such strong expressions as "obvious truth" and "first duty," will not, we think, materially influence the reader's judgment as to this novel standard by which we are invited to estimate national morality:—

"The game of politics between nation and nation is, I am afraid, but a gambling transaction at the best. Diplomats may hide the real nature of their designs under whatever form of words they choose to select; but they are poor masters of their craft if they fail to keep the obvious truth (!!!) in view, that their first duty (!!!) in all transactions with foreign states is to secure some solid advantages for their own."

If Mr. Gleig meant what he said, there could be no misrepresentation when his own words were quoted: if he did not mean what he said, the misrepresentation is his own.

3. We did not denounce Mr. Hastings as a monster: we merely explained what his actions were, and left our readers to draw their own inferences; still less did we advocate the course pursued by the Whigs in his impeachment. Mr. Gleig may be assured, though he may find it difficult to comprehend the fact, that questions of public morality may be discussed without reference to party politics. Of course Mr. Hastings was not answerable for anything done by former administrations—we never said he was; but though not responsible for the conclusion of the treaty of Allahabad, he was bound to its fulfilment; and the extent of his obligations could not be understood without some explanation of the nature of the treaty and the circumstances under which it was concluded.

4. We quoted a letter from the Court of Directors, which proved that the violation of the treaty of Allahabad was contemplated five years before Mr. Hastings had provided himself with an excuse for withholding the compensation promised to the Mogul emperor; and we adduced this as additional evidence of the flimsiness of the pretences for so gross a violation of public faith. What Washington or the Pope has to say to the matter, is another of the perplexing difficulties arising from Mr. Gleig's peculiar logic. We are not aware of any advantage which the Americans purchased from the English, and the payment for which was subsequently refused by Washington: we are equally ignorant of any solemn treaty by which England was bound to pay Peter's pence to the Pope. Our account of the Benares transaction is virtually the same as Mr. Gleig's. He admits that the Directors "undoubtedly desired to deliver themselves," that is, to get rid of the annual payments they had by solemn treaty stipulated to make to the Mogul emperor for the Dewannee or sovereignty over the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa; and certainly, according to the gambling standard, it is an "obvious truth," that "the first duty" of Mr. Hastings was to retain the provinces and refuse the payment. "Events" are very accommodating things, when, as we have seen, they have been speculated upon years before, and anticipated and provided for as things possible.

5. Though Bulwant Sing did not actively assist the English, he facilitated their conquest by withholding the contingent which he was bound as a feudatory to afford Shujah Dowlah. So highly important was the service which he rendered to the Company, that the directors expressed their sense of it in the strongest terms, in their Bengal letter, May 26, 1768.

6. "The Rohillas," says Mr. Gleig, "were a band of foreign usurpers:—pray what were the English? So far as length of possession gives a title, the Rohillas had greatly the advantage; and still more decisive were their claims based on the faith and observance of treaties. Mr. Gleig himself, in his 'History of India' (Vol. III. p. 34), declares their destruction 'unjusti-

fiable." As to the "extermination" being a mere figure of speech, we showed that the whole tenor of the published correspondence contradicts such a gloss. We quoted from Hastings' letter to the Nabob-Vizier,—"Should the Rohillas be guilty of a breach of their agreement, we will thoroughly exterminate them and settle your Excellency in the country." The Nabob's letter to Mr. Hastings, dated the 11th of October, 1773, shows how the phrase was understood:—"It was agreed that I should pay, &c. . . and that I should, with the assistance of the English forces, endeavour to punish and exterminate the Rohillas out of their country." We showed that Col. Champion was reproved for interfering in behalf of the vanquished; and we may add, that the Rohilla war was condemned both by the Court of Directors and by Sir Robert Barker, who commanded the British forces, on the ground both of justice and expediency.

7. The Begums no doubt submitted to their fate, but that they became friends to a man who had compelled them "to disgorge a million sterling," and who had retained those portions of their property which he had been commanded to restore by the Court of Directors, is a little incredible; it reminds us of the strange theory which ascribes Eloisa's love of Abelard to the severity of the stripes he inflicted when she did not learn her lessons.

8. The eunuchs may have been tyrants to their dependents; this, however, is not proved; but is the English government regulated by the principles of oriental despotism?

9. Mr. Gleig triumphs in the typographical error of the omission of a cipher; but what does he mean by asserting that the money was extracted from them by their second imprisonment? Here is a brief and correct account of the transaction, from Mr. Gleig's own History of British India!—

"They (the British troops) made prisoners of Jewar Ally Khan, and Behar Ally Khan, two old eunuchs, the principal agents of the princesses, and threw them into prison. The sufferings of these men soon wrung from their mistresses the money so much coveted. Treasure to the amount of the arrears due by the vizier from 1779-80 was made over to the British resident, and the release of the captives demanded. But no heed was paid to the demand, for a greater supply was needed, and there were arrears due in the collection of 1780-1. It was no purpose that the Begums declared their inability to meet this requisition; their servants were retained, and, to the discredit of all concerned, put to the torture. At last, however, when even the torture was found to produce no effect, they were liberated by the express command of Mr. Hastings, who became convinced, to his extreme mortification, that the funds of which he stood so much in need must be sought elsewhere."—*Gleig's History of British India*, iii. 34.

Could any one believe that this is the same transaction of which the same Mr. Gleig writes with such flippant ridicule of those who "pity" the victims of such tyranny?—the same transaction of which he now writes—

"I really must be pardoned if I venture to characterize as something pre-eminently ridiculous and wicked, the sensibility which would strive to balance the well-merited sufferings of those usurpers against the preservation of British India. The eunuchs deserved death for having advised their mistresses in the line of crooked and unwise policy which they followed. They escaped with a little personal suffering."—*Gleig's Life of Hastings*.

The complicity of Middleton, the chosen agent of Hastings, in "the torture" of the eunuchs, which Mr. Gleig in one work stigmatizes as "a discredit to all concerned," and in another extenuates as "a little personal suffering," is proved by Middleton's own letter, which we quoted. Hastings is responsible for the guilt of the transaction, because, in contemplation of these very events, he violated the regulations of the service

and the express commands of the Directors in placing Middleton at the Nabob-Vizier's court.

10. The old English principle of giving colonies some portion of self-government needs no defence; oriental despotism in a British dependency is the innovation. The sneer about annual parliaments and universal suffrage has no more to do with colonial houses of assembly, than Washington and the Pope with the violation of the treaty of Allahabad.

11. It is as useless to disclaim as it is absurd to impute personal feelings in such a discussion as the present; we have spoken of Mr. Gleig as an author and a moralist—we know nothing and have said nothing of him in any other capacity; and however much we may regret that our opinions of his ethics and logic have displeased him, we must say that his letter has not changed them—at least for the better.

Patchwork. By Capt. Basil Hall. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

For a pleasant passage, which we had last week marked for extract—an account of Capt. Hall's passage over the Col de Bonhomme—we unfortunately could not find room. It would be a pity that either the author or our readers should lose the benefit of such good intentions, we shall therefore give it now. We will start from St. Gervais, a fashionable little watering place, known probably to many of our readers:—

"Having made the unpleasant discovery at the baths of St. Gervais, that neither of the two men we had brought with us from Chamouni had ever made the tour of Mont Blanc, a debate had arisen as to the propriety of taking one additional guide who offered himself, or of saving the twelve francs which he would have cost us. Economy prevailed; and, as usual in such cases, we had very nearly paid with our lives for this foolish thrift,—a fate which actually befel several members of another party, in attempting to cross the very same pass, a few years after the time I am speaking of. Let no one, therefore, when rambling amongst the higher Alps, forget that no money is so well bestowed as the wages of first-rate guides, nor is anything so fraught with danger as disregarding their advice, or declining their assistance in difficulties. By the time the shower of rain, or rather of cold sleet, above alluded to, was over, we began to find ourselves involved in much more serious embarrassments. We had now ascended the Col, or high shoulder of the mountain, till we were almost beyond the range of vegetation; but no path could we discover, while the cliffs before and on each side of us, either offered no opening at all, or offered too many, since no one knew which to follow. The day also was fast advancing, and it is hard to say what we should have done had we not espied a cottage at a distance. The involuntary shout of joy with which the sight was hailed, both by guides and masters, betrayed the anxiety which all had felt, and the necessity of obtaining better pilotage than we possessed. Within the house, if such a wretched pile of turf and stones deserve the name, we found a nice busy old body seated between her two children, or more probably, her grandchildren, one of whom, a boy, was pounding a mess of salt,—the other, a pretty little girl, though as brown as any berry, sitting on a bench with a huge wooden bowl of milk in her lap. They seemed greatly surprised at our invasion of their cabin, but with the free hospitality of the mountains, the old lady pressed her stores of milk and cheese upon us,—handing us wooden spoons, and setting before each one a bowl of milk. Thus, to the vile mineral water of the spring, the coffee and fruit of a copious breakfast, the iced water and sour wine of Contamines, were now superadded a bowl of milk, and a slice of hard goat-milk cheese. Verily, a man ought to be fitted with a stomach like an ostrich if he is to take such liberties! Our luncheon, or dinner, or whatever name it deserves, being ended, not for want of more appetite, but for want of more to eat, we propounded to the old lady our much more important difficulty arising out of the ignorance of our guides, and asked the venerable dame if she would allow the boy to go with us to show us the

way?—'Bless me!' said the old lady, 'did you not know that the Col de Bonhomme was one of the most dangerous passes that we have, and that no one should attempt it without experienced guides? Why did you not take an additional guide from the baths?'—Our over-economical cash-keeper looked rather put out by this appeal to his prudence *versus* his pocket,—and even the guides seemed not a little ashamed of themselves for having too greedily undertaken what they could not perform, so that none of us had a word to say for ourselves. At first the old lady consented to our taking the boy with us,—but, suddenly changing her mind, she exclaimed, 'You'll all be lost in the snow, and the boy along with you—or you'll fall over the cliffs—or lose your way in the ravines,—so I'll e'en go myself.'—The spirited old girl having made this magnanimous resolution, lost no time in preparing herself, for, as she said, looking to the western sky, 'we have but scant daylight for the long and laborious task before us.' At first sight we had supposed her too old and infirm to have guided any one more than fifty yards from her own hut,—but no sooner had she resolved to accompany us, than she skipped up a ladder into an open loft facing us, which occupied half the length of the building, and there, though still in our presence, she made her hasty mountain toilet, without any reserves, sincere or affected. Her first operation consisted in drawing on a long pair of blue worsted stockings, then she pinned round her waist a red apron, and having planted firmly on her head one of the great hats of the Savoyard peasantry, she secured it by a double turn of a long blue handkerchief or scarf tied under her chin. This done, she ran to the cupboard, filled out and drank off a large tumbler of wine, poured another down the boy's throat, and, on her way back to the cupboard, swallowed a second allowance herself.—'Now,' she exclaimed, 'I am ready!' and off she shot, exclaiming in answer to our entreaties for her to mount, that the mountaineers never rode—a most false assertion—for she had not gone above a dozen yards before she seized the bridle of one of the mules, led it to a stone, and having mounted, continued riding all the way to the top of the pass. Whether it was that the dame saw we were a little crest-fallen and worn out, and thought we required stirring up, or that the wine had got in her old head—or that such was her natural disposition, I know not—but never woman rattled on as she did. Her voice though shrill was not unmusical, and her words being articulated with uncommon distinctness, we could gather a good deal of what she said, even when she addressed herself to the guides in the 'patois' of the district. Her comical anecdotes, and merry jests at the helpless condition of the party, kept us laughing the whole way, and perhaps her good humour essentially contributed to the success of our expedition, as did her local knowledge, without which we could not have stirred a step in safety in those wild regions. On reaching the top of a ridge between 7,000 and 8,000 feet high, there lay before us so grand a view of Mont Blanc, that, thinking this must be the summit level of the Col, we halted to admire the surpassing beauties of the scene; but our lady of the snows would by no means allow such trifling, as she called it, and rather angrily urged us onwards—loudly declaring that if we did not make haste, we should all be benighted amongst the hills, and find it equally difficult to return or to advance. Both our energies and our fears were quickened on this occasion by what we had been reading in Ebel's celebrated 'Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse,' probably the best guide-book ever published. Speaking of the Col de Bonhomme, he says: 'This pass is extremely steep, and is dangerous on account of the precipices by which it is fringed; and it is on this account that the route should be attempted only when the weather is calm and serene. Even the mules have no small difficulty in getting along, in consequence of the extreme slipperiness of the rocks at some stages of the pass.' It was a grievous disappointment to us all, to find that so far from being at the top of the ridge, we had yet a long way to climb; indeed every one of the party was now so fatigued, that I do not think anything short of the alarming stimulus which the old lady applied, would have dragged us along. As for me—the wicked indulgences of the day—the mineral beverage—the ravenous breakfast—the iced water and sour wine—the cream and the cheese—pressed

so sorely upon me, that I really thought I must have dropped, and been left to end my days in some crevice of the rocks; for the road had become far too steep and rugged to admit of our mounting the mules, and sometimes the path coasted along steep banks of slippery snow, or almost as slippery faces of rock. • • •

'Little recked our petticoated guide of these refinements; and, for that matter, we stopped not to speculate on the causes of our pleasure, which, in spite of all our fatigue, was very great. I do not think that ever, before or since, I have beheld a more splendid prospect. On looking back to the north and west we saw the valleys of Montjoie and Beaufort formed by several ridges of towering Alps; and before us, in the east, a great basin of a circular form with our old friend Mont Blanc on one side of it, and an endless succession of lesser ridges of the most fantastic forms on the other. On the tops of all these mountains, including that on which we stood, there lay a coating—God only knows how deep—of eternal snow,—at some places smooth, pure, and perfectly white; at others, scarped, rugged, and tarnished with the fragments of ten thousand avalanches. But, in the valley beneath, in which the Isère takes its rise, and on all the lower parts of those sides of the mountains which face the warm south, there lay before us a carpet of such enchanting verdure, that we could have feasted on the sight for ever; and much we envied the droves of cattle we saw straying on the grass many thousands of feet below us. By this time the sun had fallen so low, that only the tops of the hills were enjoying its full light, and our bronzed-faced venerable female guide repeatedly called to us to lose no more time with our nonsensical raptures; at the same moment with very significant gesticulations, she indicated the way we were to take, bawling her instructions as to our course into the ears of the sorely-bothered male attendants, who had long ceased to merit the name of guides. Our alarm at this juncture became great on finding that our only stay—albeit only an elderly gentlewoman among a party of young and active men!—was about to abandon us to our fate, and to return to her home in the valley. We stoutly remonstrated, and tried to persuade her of the unreasonableness, as well as wickedness, of leaving such a party in such a place, and at such an hour. 'Can you,' we exclaimed, half jocularly and half in earnest, 'can you leave us on the top of this high and snowy ridge, at sunset, with several leagues of difficult and dangerous journey still before us, a great part of which, by your own showing, lies along the very edge of a glacier?' She turned so deaf an ear to all these remonstrances, that at last we became seriously alarmed; and I do not know what must have happened had not the proverbial effect of gold on a female heart been brought into play. Our prudent purse-bearer had already tried the efficacy of silver, by offering her twice the number of pieces stipulated for, but from the proffered money she selected only the exact number agreed upon, and then to our horror, fairly turned her back upon us, and trudged off! While this abortive negotiation was going on, I had observed the little effect produced by the sight of a handful of five-franc pieces, and suddenly recollecting Gray's fable of the Cat and the Fish, ran after her and showed her a gold coin. She paused, looked first at the western sky, where the sun reigned no longer, then at the top of Mont Blanc, and lastly at the valley beneath, as if she were calculating the chances for and against our necks, on the score of light, steepness, and distance. Having made her computations, she clutched the gold out of my hand, pocketed it with a loud laugh, and then turning round, planted her arms a-kimbo, and with only a shrill exclamation for us all to follow, dashed down the hill side with the speed of a chamois! It is not probable that this good lady knew much about the mathematical theory of the curve of quickest descent, but we soon knew practically that it was exceedingly difficult to follow her ladyship down the bank of snow. Nevertheless away we all ran as well as we might; and what was very ludicrous, the mules, apparently as well accustomed to such scenes as the old dame herself, fairly placed themselves on their rumps, with all their four feet gathered together into a knot in front of them, and slid from top to bottom with a degree of confidence which their human masters were far from sharing. At one place

I quite lost my hold of the ground with my feet, and feeling my head beginning to spin round, might have been projected forwards with accelerating velocity over the precipice, had it not been for the timely assistance of the mountain 'bikton,' the right use of which I had learned only a few days before, on my expedition to the 'Jardin.' • • •

"By this slippery process, and guided always by our female commodore, we made our way in about five minutes down so long a bank of snow that, if we could have come up it at all, which from its steepness I should say was impossible, it would have cost us an hour's hard work. We now found ourselves upon terra firma, and very glad we were to land there with unbroken bones. We had still sundry cliffs to get over, and two or three streams to cross, but these were trifles. At length, after much scrambling, growling, and laughing, we gained the long-wished-for rich grassy banks, upon which we had looked down with such longing eyes from the top of the far-off Col. It was now nearly dark, but from the numerous cattle we passed, we felt sure we must be near some habitation, and this hope giving us fresh spirits we passed merrily along the turf, the springiness of which proved a vast relief after the dead tread on the non-elastic snow. The air, too, which, on the top of the pass, had nipped us to the very bone, felt at least twenty degrees warmer in the valley, and proved still more balmy and soothing from the perfect calm hanging over the velvet pasture. The cottage or chalet of Motet, which the old lady took us to, turned out,—as such things always, and showy cities often, do,—a miserable contrast to the luxurious splendour of the external world. The hospitable owner indeed gave us a cheerful welcome, and seeing us shivering with cold, busied himself in heaping such wood as he had on the fire. But not a chair was to be seen, nor a bench, nor a single stool, nor even a truckle-bed; and the soft mud floor being quite wet with a mixture of milk and water, curds and whey—to say nothing of the impure paddling of the feet of sundry hogs and dogs, our fellow guests—it was quite impossible either to sit or lie down! When we turned our eyes from the melancholy prospect under foot to the ceiling of this poor abode, we could see the stars twinkling through the rafters and the numerous holes over head, while the lateral beauties of the Alps might have been observed through the cracks in the walls; in short, except in the north of Scotland or in Ireland, I never saw a habitation so little commodious either for its Christian or its hogish inhabitants. This sorry sight, viewed at first by the wearied party with surprise, presently excited a feeling of anger,—though with whom to be displeased we knew not. The next emotion was a sort of despair, followed after a time by one of such ridicule, that we burst into a fit of laughter at the extremity of our petty distress. Into this joke, without understanding it, the good old lady peaceably entered, though by this time she was pretty well done up, like the rest. At length it was proposed by one of the party to send out an expedition of discovery, to see whether or not the case were totally irremediable. Every one said it would be a good thing, but nobody started, and we all continued soaking in the dirty puddles of the floor, until the original proposer of the voyage undertook to perform it himself. In his official report on his return, he stated that he had not proceeded far before he fell in with a chalet, resembling the miserable abode first discovered, in all respects but one—for this new-found building had above it a loft—in that loft was hay—good dry hay, on a fine dry floor, and overhead a whole roof. What luxury! Away we ran, and threw ourselves out at full length upon the hay, in such an ecstasy of repose and enjoyment as I, for my share, never experienced before. The worthy host, who was extremely amused with our raptures about his loft and hay, very soon brought us up a great vessel holding at least two gallons of hot milk, which he placed on a small round table about a foot high, adding a loaf or two of his rye bread; and to each one he gave a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon. We chanced to have a little tea with us: the water was boiled in a trice; and, in short, our supper proved most delicious. We of course sent for our lady of the valley, never doubting that a bowl of tea would be well bestowed upon her—but she had never seen such a thing in her life! We afterwards gave

her some, and tried to explain how it was to be cooked. She put a few leaves into her mouth, and having tasted them, returned the paper, saying she could make no use of such stuff. Being now, however, far more disposed for sleep than for talk, we paid off our female guide, sent away the short-legged table, shook an armful of hay over its place, laid ourselves down, and slept very happily till about four o'clock next morning, when one of the party chose to dream that we were lying by the side of a glacier, and he must needs get up to warn us of our danger! Before we got again to sleep, after this friendly caution, the peasants were stirring below, the children began gabbling, and all was chatter and noise, and no more sleep for the travellers!"

This is a pleasant piece of narrative, simply because it is unaffected, and therefore brings the scene vividly before the reader, and will recall it to many an Alpine traveller.

Peter Priggins, the College Scout. Edited by Theodore Hook, Esq.: with Illustrations by 'Phiz.' 3 vols. Colburn.

THE novel reader who has little relish for slang has fallen on evil days, seeing that it is the very breath of life of one-half of our fictions. The English language, indeed, would appear to be exhausted; or, to state the case more correctly, character, as well as language, are assumed to have been levelled to a monotonous smoothness by modern civilization; and hence our keen observers resort to the stable-yard, and the servants' hall, and the village alehouse, "to gather humours." Whether this abandonment of all that was romantic in Romance will lead to good or evil, we need not here argue; moral and philosophical speculations being out of place, when such a personage as 'The College Scout' is to be dealt with. Peter Priggins is neither the best nor the worst of his fraternity—less racy than Sam Weller, less offensive than the brotherhood of "the flash ken"—although knowing, unscrupulous, and impudent enough to be eligible for any calling in which brass and chicanery are required. He is not, however, the hero of a connected story, but merely relates his Alma Mater experiences. To those who are accustomed to descent upon the supreme advantages of a University education for the youth of England, he presents the reverse of the tapestry, but gaily rather than with a malicious intent. We, however, have but to make an extract or two, such as shall give those whom it may concern a taste of the quality of his book. We cannot do better than select for display an anxious father, just arrived at Oxford, and uncertain in which of its seats of learned meditation he shall place "the hope and heir of his family":—

"On the following morning, as he sat at breakfast, the head-waiter, at the request of the 'gen'tleman in No. 1,' procured and introduced a specimen of that now nearly extinguished genus, an Oxford guide. The specimen was dressed, as all of his species were wont to be of yore, in a tutor's left-off coat and waistcoat, purchased of one of us scouts, and in drab knees and drab gaiters (*si hyems esset vel foret*—but without the continuations if the weather was warm) an unstarched and cable-like white tie, and a hat, which, in these times of four-and-sixpenny ventilators, would be pronounced a shocking bad one. 'The guide, sir,' said the waiter, bowing.—'Come in,' said Winkey. 'Will you take n—' 'Little beer, if you please, sir. Never drinks no coffee, ten, or spirituous liquors.'—'A seat, I was going to say,' said Winkey.—'Never takes nuffin of the sort, sir, much obliged to you all the same. If you'd ha' stood as long as I have, and walked about all day, showing of people the lions of the 'varsity, as our young gentlemen calls the curiosities, your calves would not be "staggering bobs."'

Mr. Winkey took up an Oxford calendar, which was lying on the table for the convenience of the visitors—lions and lionesses, as the poudums call them—and proceeded to interrogate

old Explicator on the subject which had caused him to visit Oxford. 'Now, sir, what college do you recommend?'—'Christ Church, in course,' said the guide, in a tone that implied there could be no doubt about the matter.—'I have already applied there,' said Winkey, looking magnificent again, 'through my very intimate friend, Lord Wastepaper. The dean, unfortunately, could not accede to my friend his lordship's request, because the college is so full.'—'That's only aces you ain't a regular swell—if you'd been a court-card, a trump, that is, a sort of nob like—they'd have found a *lokis inkwo* for your colt, and entered him for the matriculation-stakes the very next term as is.'—Mr. Winkey did not exactly relish this explanation of his informant's notion of the reason why he had failed in getting his son into Christ Church; but proceeded to read over the list of the colleges as arranged in the calendar, to each of which the guide made some objection or other; but I will only give two or three examples, as a specimen of the validity of the rest. 'St. Bartholomew?' inquired Mr. Winkey.—'Four lectures a day, and a sermon in chapel every Sunday—expected to go to St. Mary's twice besides, and head down the sermons—he'll never stand that,' replied Explicator.—'St. Luke's, then?'—'Staircases all too steep—get drunk, and break his neck.'—'St. Thomas's? what say you to that?'—'Don't brew their own beer, and got a cook as abbreviates the commons, and lengthens the battels miraculously.'—'St. Jude's? snug little college, eh?'—'Wusser nor ever—too snobbish—besides dining at half-past four, and pricking their gums with iron prongs. One gen'lman as entered through a mistake, brought in half a dozen silver forks, and was ruscated for breaking through the "customs of the college."—'St. Matthew's stands rather high, does it not?'—'Respectable—very respectable—but dangerous. The principal has got a garden, and the men make a point of "doing it up" for him every term! they take up all the plants and trees, and set 'em in again with their roots upwards. As the freshmen are always set to do the transplanting, and the principal is devoted to vegetables, some of 'em are safe to get a *lishet murgary* to some hall as hasn't got no outlet.'—Mr. Winkey began to despair: he doubted whether the long list before him would supply him with an unobjectionable college for his son, until he came to St. Peter's, which old Explicator pronounced to be the *nippinlunty* of colleges. 'Brew their own beer—got a capital cook for an Oxford cook—knock in every night—outside the town, and handy for tandems—dogs and guns, and fishing-rods—river just handy—battels moderate—society good—gentlemanly set of tutors, who keep the men up to their work without bullying them, and scouts as close as fresh eysters. Bursar an excellent friend of mine—very fond of fish, 'specially lampreys and Severn salmon—as I'm Worcestershire—supply him with great pleasure.'"

Not a whit less qualified to instruct and explain, than the *Cicero* who enlightens the parent, is the guide to knowledge picked up on the road by the promising son:—

"We got to the Hen and Chickens just as 'The Black Prince' was ready to start. Mr. Lillywhite, the waggoner, had the reins in his hand, going to mount the box, when I made my appearance. As he is a 'privileged person,' and always speaks his mind, he addressed me thus—after telling the porter to put my luggage into the hind boot. 'Going up Oxford, I s'pose?'—I nodded affirmatively.—'To be mutilated?'—'Matriculated, you menn.'—'Certainly, by all means, if you prefer it. Now let me give you a hint—if you don't keep better time at chapel and lecture, when you reside in college, you'll get double-thonged to make up for lost ground, I can tell you. Now, jump up—here, Billy, put up the ladder for the gen'lman, he's only a Freshman.'—After two or three stoppages, with corresponding colds without, and glasses of ale, which gradually got worse as we drew nearer Oxfordshire, I began to question him upon Oxford matters, and, amongst other things, asked him what necessities he should advise me to bring up with me when I came into residence. We were then dragging Long Compton Hill, and I did not get any answer until we got to the bottom, and he pulled up for the skid to be taken

off, when he told me 'never to interfere with a man when he was driving down a steep hill, full inside and out, with a heavy load on the top, becos the politest of 'em could not stand it, 'specially when the roads was slippery, and no hold for the skid. When we were on the level ground, I begged to 'move the previous question,' touching the necessities. 'Why you see I'm always ready to put a young man in the right way, and I'll just give you the result of my 'quaintance with Oxford life. You must have two pair of muffles.'—'Muffles! what are they?'—'Boxing-gloves, to be sure—but you know well enough; I saw you squaring at the oas-keeper last stage, and as you came from Rotherwick you know all about that, so don't go for to gammon me. Well then, two pair of files with masks and gloves to match. If you're a real cricketer, and mean to join the Bullingdon, of course you'll bring your own bat. You shoot, of course? becos if you do and haven't a double, my friend Sykes is your man—ticks for ever, and never duns. Then for fishing, I suppose you've got all right—if not, Loder and Gunner will put you in place—they tick too—never recommend a gen'lman to a man as doesn't. Anything in the dog line, Tom Sharps or Webb can supply—only 'member, they don't tick for dogs—becos they ain't recoverable in the vice chancellor's court. But if you want an out-and-out pinter or setter, just give me a hint, I always look out for master, and many a good one I've picked out for him. You see I rub my boots with a little ile of anised, and somehow the dogs follow me, and then, poor things, after they've run alongside the coach a few miles, they get leg-weary; so, out of compassion to the poor dumb animals, I take 'em up and give 'em a lift in the foreboot. Then if you are in the fancy line at all, I've got a few bulls and half-breds at walk, at Early-bottom, and elsewhere, and can give you the office when a fight is going to come off—but do you ever back a pigeon? I've got *sich* a breed of carriers; and as for fantails, I won't turn my back on any man; all sixteen feathers in their tails, neither more nor less—but don't take my word for it—just get beyond Maudin turnpike-gate, and tell Spooner, who works this coach to Maidenhead, that you are going to see my fantails at Early-bottom, and he'll frank you any day, only you must stand brandy and water at every public—he pulls up regularly, but loses no time, as he slacks his hand over the levels. Then you'll want a few rats, and a badger now and then—you can't do better than go to Webb; he's always a handsome assortment of lively ones. For pigeon-shooting, Boyce is the best man—see him well, and he'll pinch your birds without anybody seeing him, and make your match safe.'"

Dennis, the waiter, is a worthy Professor of the same University. Who will henceforth wonder, that, under such tempting tutors, our young noblemen learn to drive stage-coaches, twist off knockers, and to *pigeon-shoot* away the broad English acres of their forefathers? But enough of 'The College Scout,' since we bound ourselves over, on opening the book, "not to be poetical."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Second Funeral of Napoleon, and the Chronicle of the Drum; by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh.—"It is no easy task in this world," says Mr. Titmarsh, "to distinguish between what is great in it, and what is mean; and many a man is the puzzle that I have had in reading history, (or the works of fiction which go by that name,) to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it could do one no earthly good to remember." Such a passage, opening an account of the ceremonials observed in the transference of the Imperial remains from their prison-grave to their triumphal tomb, pre-

pares the reader to expect an exposure, in the form of satire, of some of the philosophy of the subject: but is scarcely a fitting exordium for what turns out to be a mere (though very imperfect) newspaper report of proceedings, better reported in fifty other forms and places. Once or twice there is a return to the tone of the commencing paragraphs, which gives the impression that something better was intended, which has been sacrificed to the necessity of immediate publication. These detached patches, however, on the web of common-place, have a flippant air, as loose and occasional commentaries on a theme, which has its solemn and affecting moral, as well as its moral for the satirist. This little book, in fact, is neither jest nor earnest. The French or English journals might have helped its author to a better account of his subject; and a paragraph or two from his remarks on the coats of arms of Napoleon's generals, which adorned the Church of the Invalides will show, that he could have helped himself to a better criticism on it—*Ventrebleu, Madam!* what need have they of coats of arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded, aristocratic gewgaws, that they had flung out of the country, with the heads of the owners in them sometimes,—for, indeed, they were not particular,—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man, (who was not of a high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university,) young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French revolution, sneered at *Roland* the Just with ribbons in his shoes; and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly, smart *parvenu*, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him, (God bless him! in later years they taught him what they were!) and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous, and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoe-buckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe! How fatal to the *parvenu* throughout history has been this respect for shoe-buckles! Where, for instance, would the empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat of arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder! The bold republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the holy Roman empire to the right-about, died before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born that was to prove so fatal to the father of it. It has always been so; they won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other; but give in a republic an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works, and plots, and sneaks, and bullies, and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and, permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions,—and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless, (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?) the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy,—namely, to stick by one's party." The *Chronicle of the Drum*, is a veteran's catalogue in verse of the many strange deeds which have been enacted to the sound of his own drum, and that of his ancestors, from the days of Henry of Navarre to those of Napoleon. The only point in it is, that of the prominent figure which he of the drum is made to

occupy on the canvas, in the sketches of the drummer himself:

"While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandair was trolling the sticks."

"My grandair was ever victorious,
My grandair and Monsieur Turanne."

"At Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to king Louis;
Corbueil! how his Majesty swore,
When he heard they had taken my grandair,
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!"

Shakspeare's Library, Parts 1 to 3.—It is intended to include in this work all the romances, novels, &c., to which Shakspeare is believed to have resorted for the plots of his dramas, and thus place in the hands of the reader, at a small expense, many curious and rare works, now only, if at all, attainable, at great cost. The parts at present published contain Greene's *Pandosto*, upon which *'The Winter's Tale'* is founded, and Lodge's *'Rosalynd'*, the original of *'As You Like It'*. The next will be *'The History of Hamlet'*, from the unique copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; to be followed by Rich's *'Apollonius and Sylla'*, the probable source, we are informed, of *'Twelfth Night'*, and Twine's *'Pattern of Painful Adventures'*, the original of *'Pericles'*, with introductory notices by Mr. Collier, to whom the lovers of Shakspeare are already so much indebted.

Warwick Castle, a Poem, by Harrison Corbett Wilson, Esq. (an old Rugbeian), Author of *'The Artillery Officer's Bride'*, &c.—We have forgotten all about the *'Artillery Officer's Bride'*, yet surely it could scarcely have contained touches of more exquisite pleasantry than are to be found in the following preface, which in the way of sportive satire is unequalled—"The subject of this Poem commences with a descriptive view of Warwick Castle, from the Bridge crossing the Avon, by Moonlight. The reader is then conducted to the Lodge Entrance, and led progressively onward until he reaches the area in front of the Castle, where the scenes of other days are called to mind; and a short history of the unfortunate Piers Gaveston is related. You next enter the Castle Hall, the interior of which is described, together with several successive scenes of romance, which the antiquity of the place naturally suggests to the imagination as being probably connected therewith. A further account of the State rooms is then given, and concluded with a day-break view, from the western window, of the river Avon meandering through the charming valley that spreads its flowery meads and woodland dales beneath you! From thence you are led into the Pleasure ground, which is attempted to be described as it appears in the day time in summer: and a variety of real and fictitious events are blended with its beautiful scenery; in which the Author has most loyally and respectfully done himself the honour of introducing Her Majesty the Dowager Queen Adelaide; Her Majesty having so lately honoured Warwick Castle with her Royal presence. These events, together with the scenery around, are continued and varied until the Evening; ending with a farewell song to the old Castle, from the top of the Watch Tower on the Mount by moonlight."—Nor is the burlesque less admirable when embodied in verse. Having passed the Gateway—

Behold you there
The road winds onward down a channel wide,
Cut thro' the sand-stone rock that rears each side
Its massive walls of ponderous size and strength,
Extending far in height, in breadth, and length;

And passing 'neath an archway entrance here,
With dungeons on each side so damp and drear,
An open Area, with a green parterre,
And gravel walk meandering here and there,
Surrounded by the Fortress walls are seen.

Beneath the Castle's porch you now proceed,
And knock the ponderous door—

In yon greenhouse on the rising ground
There is a Vase which we are told was found
At Tivoli, near Adrian's villa grand,
Whose garden was the fairest of the land
Of Italy—that bright and lovely clime,
Where Nature's works appear the most sublime!

Descending from Fine Arts to Furniture, Mr. Wilson obligingly leads us, where we

The bed where Queen Anne slept, all wrought with gold
On crimson velvet of the deepest hue,
With satin counterpane of lightest blue:
But on this gorgeous bed she sleeps no more,
For long her earthly pilgrimage is o'er.

The old joke of Queen Anne's being dead, thus

solemnly rendered into heroic verse, is perhaps one of the happiest hits in the volume. It would, however, be unfair to part with Mr. Wilson, without allowing him to give a specimen of his continuous style. Here is one passage, which is almost a Comic Annual in itself:—

The Banquet's o'er—and now methinks I see
Great Guy, not 'mid the festive revelry,
But sitting lonely in an old oak chair
Before a blazing fire.
And by the knight, on onken table near,
Are laid his weighty helmet, shield, and spear
Remember'd in gore, with which 'tis said he kill'd
On Dunsmore Heath (with mighty arm well skill'd)
The Dun Cow, that a wicked Hag so old
Drove mad, by milking through a sieve, we're told.
Upon the fire now boils Guy's Porridge Pot,
In which is cooking fast his supper hot.
A good fat calf that for him hath been slain,
To fatten up his wearied strength again;
And joyfully himself he will regale,
Since comes his vassal with some warm spiced ale,
Of which he takes a long and potent draught,—
In which the thoughts of war he surely quaff'd.

One extract more, from a song which may pass for an English sister to the *'Groves of Blarney'*, and we have done:—

Oh! welcome, Oh! welcome to Warwick Royal Lady!
Hark to the glad bells as they peal far and near;
The spirit that dwells in this garden so shady
Now calls on the minstrel to welcome thee here;
Behold the sweet flowers that smile 'neath the bowers,
And bloom on the border on each side the way,
They come forth in beauty, refresh'd with cool showers,
To welcome Queen Adelaide hither to-day.
Now list to the birds in the trees which are singing,
They croon so sweetly on each leafy spray,
The blackbird and thrush thro' the vistas are winging,
The grove seems alive with the songsters so gay;
Oh! this is the spot where the muses and graces
Delight 'neath the shade of dark cedars to rove,
Where beautiful maidens unveil their fair faces,
So lovely at morn as they stray thro' the grove!

Mora: a Fragment of a Tale.—One of those dislocated rhapsodies, to which the Giaour of Lord Byron gave birth, like flies "bred in your mud," by the operation of your sun; and since, from their very number, become as unwelcome as the flies in Pharaoh's time.

List of New Books.—Bonycastle's *Algebra*, 17th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—*Anti-Popery, or Popery Unreasonable*, Unscriptural, and Novel, by John Rogers, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.—*The Drenning Girl*, and other Poems, by W. Taylor, post 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Greville, or a Season at Paris*, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Peacock's Observations on the Statistics of Cambridge University*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*The Land of Burns*, 3 vols. 4to. 32s. 6d. cl.—*The Florist's Journal for 1840*, 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Rev. W. Harrison's Greek Grammar*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*In what manner Little Henry came to the Knowledge of God*, sq. 16mo. 2s. cl.—*Childhood Illustrated in a Selection from the Poets*, by Mrs. R. Rathbone, 6s. cl.—*Henry of Monmouth*, by Major Michel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Bulwer's Night and Morning*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Christian Charity, its Obligations and Objects*, by J. H. Sumner, 8vo. 8s. bds. and 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Brief Hints to Candidates for Holy Orders*, 6s. cl.—*Bishop Wilson's (Calcutta) Evidences of Christianity*, 4th edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. cl.—*Wilson's Maxims of Piety and Christianity*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Low's Catalogue of Books and Engravings published in 1840*, royal 8vo. 2s. swd.—*The Cavendish Novels*, Vol. 1. *'Cavendish'*, 6s. 6d. cl.—*Spring's Obligations of the World to the Bible*, 32mo. 3s. cl.—*Reverence of a Seafaring Life*, roy. 18mo. 6s. cl.—*Charlton's Universal Amanuensis and Correspondent's Guide*, 18mo. 3s. cl.—*Tuson on the Curvature of the Spine*, 4vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Dr. Rowe on Nervous Diseases*, 4s. 3rd edit. 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Dr. Thomson's Domestic Management of the Sick Room*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Smart's English Grammar and Accidence*, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*The Accidence separately*, 1s. cl.—*Bell on the Currency Question*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland*, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Tiltman's Account of the Second Funeral of Napoleon*, sq. 2s. 6d. swd.—*Imlah's Poems and Songs*, 1 vol. 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Alda, or the British Captive*, by A. Strickland, 4s. 6d. cl.—*A Summary of French Grammar as taught at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Ude's French Cook*, 14th edit. enlarged, crown 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Leçons et Modèles de Poésie Française*, by J. Delille, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Blackstone's Public Wrongs*, by James Stewart, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Stewart's Visible Economy*, 3rd edit. 6s. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature*, new edit. 6s. 7s. cl.—*The Rev. C. Girlestone's Commentary on the Old Testament*, Part VI. 8vo. 9s. bds., and Vol. III. 18s. cl.—*Kenrick's Egypt of Herodotus*, 8vo. 12s. cl.—*The Sportsman in France*, by Fred. Tolfrey, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.

[ADVERTISEMENT].—G. WILLIS, Removed from 37, Princes Street, Leicester Square, to the Piazza, corner of James-Street, Covent Garden.—G. W. returns his thanks for the liberal and increasing Patronage bestowed upon him during the first Ten Years of his Business, and begs to assure his Customers and the Public, that nothing on his part shall be omitted to merit a continuation of the same, as experience has taught him that small profits for the only means to effect a speedy return of cash, braced by promptitude and civility; and he hopes, before long, to bring before the Public such Works as have rarely appeared but in high-priced Catalogues. See Advertisement in this day's *Athenæum*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR.—Although I have sent to the French Geographical and Asiatic Societies, a detailed account of my most important researches in Abyssinia, yet their publication being naturally delayed, I hope that a short abstract of them may not be uninteresting to you. I shall afterwards resume the details of my personal adventures.

I shall ever deeply regret not having determined Mussawwa's longitude by independent observations, as two eclipses of Jupiter's satellites led me to sup-

pose that it is now placed too far to the west. The observed latitudes of Hharkeeko, Déema, and Taranta, when calculated and discussed, will be materially useful in laying down properly the Hadas defile, so narrow and so winding, that it requires a most minute survey before mapping it. The rise of its level from Kátra to the foot of Soolooh, is far more gradual than might be supposed from the exaggerated accounts of the steep ascent, in proof of which I submit the following barometrical observations:—

	Millimètres.	Thermometer.	Therm. of Barom.
Mussawwa'.....March 2,	761.30	28.7 grades	28.7
Dima (in the defile).....— 18,	700.00	28.2 —	28.6
Taranta rivulet.....— 19,	648.55	28.3 —	28.2
Tirimo, west of the range.....— 20,	569.35	18.7 —	18.6
Mount Bork'ak'o.....— 20,	564.85	22.8 (heated by the sun,	34.6
Dugaa.....— 21,	593.40	21.0 —	23.3
The ground descends rapidly beyond Dugaa.			
May Charaw.....March 22,	618.15	24.0 —	27.4
*May Ra'ya.....— 23,	615.65	26.8 (in a deep hot gully,	30.3
*Balasa rivulet.....— 24,	635.65	31.0 —	(Kwolla, 31.7
*May Kanol.....— 26,	604.00 in the beginning of the Adwa	27.9 system of mountains.	30.6
Sagla, on the O'ongooya.....— 25,	620.05	25.2 —	28.0
*Adwa.....— 26,	609.48	25.8 —	25.4

In the places marked by asterisks, I observed the latitude, and connected them with neighbouring mountains by azimuths, measured from the sun. It is to be hoped that this method will check the very material errors produced by dead reckoning: besides, chronometers seldom carry time in land travelling; and it requires several days' stay to make a good observation for independent longitude. That of Adwa, deduced from five eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, is $2^{\circ} 35' 1^{\circ}$ east of Greenwich. * Out of seven occultations of stars observed in the same place, I have only been able to calculate one, and that in too hurried a manner to depend altogether on my result ($2^{\circ} 36'$). For the latitude of Adwa, near the house of Ayta Wassen, the result is more satisfactory; and five sets of observations of the sun and stars, calculated by Delambre's formula, give a mean of $14^{\circ} 9' 51.6''$. This is chiefly deduced from zenith distances, by a repeating theodolite of Mr. Gambey, the verniers of its vertical circle reading off to five seconds.

By a proper combination of latitudes and azimuths connected with the principal peaks of the Adwa mountains, it is easy to determine differences of longitude for all the places situated between the latter town and Dugaa. But in order to correct these, as well as to obviate the deficiency of latitudes, which the approaches of the rainy season rendered every day more difficult to observe, as I proceeded to Gondár, it was desirable to measure some kind of base in the neighbourhood of Adwa. There was no contiguous level plain, and we had failed in attempting to secure the good grades of Oobee, so that a direct measurement was impossible. The only feasible method was to employ the velocity of sound; and having chosen Adwa and the top of Mount Sáloda for the spots where large matchlocks were to be fired, I obtained the following data:—

	Adwa.	Mt. Sáloda.
Average interval between the flash and the sound.....	8.9"	7.72"
Barometer.....	612.10 mill.	271.15 mill.
Therm. of barometer.....	28.6 grades	26.4 grades.
Dry bulb thermometer.....	28.2	26.7
Wet bulb ditto.....	14.8	16.2

The formula of Mons. Chazallon then became:— $V = 3441.3^m + 0.6058 \times 12.45 + 0.085 \times 14.29 = 350.057$ metres, for the velocity of sound in one second. I shall pass over the remaining calculations, stating only that the angular height of Mount Sáloda, seen from Adwa, is $12^{\circ} 9' 9.4''$, from which the horizontal distance is easily deducible. As the height of mountain measured by the barometer forms one side of a right-angled triangle, whose hypothenuse is known by the velocity of sound, we may, supposing the barometers perfect, determine the amount of errors committed in the first operation. This gives a difference of 22 metres on the horizontal distance; but I will not press the matter too far, as most philosophers, accustomed to nice operations, must smile at the idea of measuring, by barometers, a vertical base of verification.

Proceeding from the above data, and the observed azimuths, Mount Sámayata would be 1,177 metres above Adwa, or 3,130 nearly above the level of the sea. This mountain, famous for having been defended by Ras Mikael, is the most elevated of the Adwa system.

I trust that I have said enough in order to point out the method by which I hope to throw a new light on a country so imperfectly represented in all the maps which I have yet seen. I have attempted to connect the places which I could not see, by oral information from intelligent native traders, but my numerous notes in this department are too intricate to be conveniently abridged.

Before leaving England, I received from one of the contributors of the *Athenæum* a written series of hints for researches in Abyssinia. Of these, the most prominent was an inquiry into the language of the Agaw; and I am now happy to inform him that it is one of the most interesting idioms of Africa. The Agaw (not Agow) call themselves Hamra, and their language Hamtonga. The inhabitants of Amhara are called by them Pála; those of Tugrey, Tsóla; those of Lasta, Akodjera; the Falacha, Shifelsa; the Kómant, Wakönt; the Galla, Gaoilead. The Hamtonga tongue contains all the harsh sounds found in Amharía; it has likewise the nasals, the French *e muet*, and the *v* and *ng* of Sanskrit. The frequent recurrence of the article, which is the final *a* of the Basque idioms, softens into harmony the harshness of the Hamtonga consonants. As yet, I have only succeeded in detecting eleven cases in nouns, and these present a striking resemblance to the analogous forms in Basque. The verb, however, is very like the Amharía; but unlike the latter language and the Basque, the Hamtonga does not interpose its regimens in the middle of the verb. The present of the verb to be is *ngün*, without any modification, and appears merely an additional affirmation, like the *da* of the Galla and the *cui-da* of the French. The particle, or verbal noun, is formed much as in English, by adding *äng*, and is used in the same manner,—as, I was eating—*ana whokaying winoun*. Several Hamtonga expressions in my short vocabulary have also a singular resemblance with European words. The following may astonish a philologist:—

Hamtonga.	English.	Hamtonga.	English.
Kapcher	I cut	couper in French (cher is the mark of the first pers. sing.)	
ager	country	ager	Latin.
Mayl	Indian corn	mais	French.
Aqua	water	aqua	Latin.
Yé	yes (yen)		
Kil	break	kill	English has an approximate meaning.
Karng	stone	cairn	Gaelic.
Nicher	black	niger	Latin.
Watch	listen		English.

But by far the most curious intelligence respecting the Hamra is, that their language is *written*, and that they have prayers and the *psalms* in their own tongue. This was repeated to me so often by my Agaw master, that I was led to believe it,—as the less extraordinary, since my brother has ascertained that the Galla, far more migratory than the Hamra, have yet a character of their own, which is written in Onarya.

I have already dwelt so long on what I take to be the most important, that I cannot indulge in an account of the Dankaly, or Taital language, of which I have also a vocabulary. It forms the connecting link between the idioms of the Galla and the Bishary

* Bruce brought home some verses of the Song of Solomon in the Agaw language.—Ed.

tribes. I am at present engaged in enlarging my knowledge of the Somali dialect.

Ever truly yours, ANTHONY D'ABRADIE.
A'den, 17th Nov. 1840.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

To the information which we have from time to time been enabled to give respecting the preparations for the outfit of the Niger Expedition, we can now add some further particulars from the Report of the African Society. "With the view of endeavouring to supply a remedy for the want of a free circulation of fresh air between decks in a tropical climate, and for the miasma that usually prevails in alluvial soils on those coasts (see p. 56), a system of ventilating tubes has been fitted, under the superintendence of Dr. Reid. With this is connected a chamber, containing woollen cloths, lime, &c., through which it is intended, whenever the presence of malaria is suspected, the air shall pass previously to being circulated below by the ventilating apparatus." The appointment of Dr. Vogel, as botanist, and of Mr. Ansell, a practical gardener, have been already announced. The Society has also engaged Mr. Roscher, a practical miner, to accompany the Expedition, and report on the geological structure of the country and its mineral resources; Mr. Fraser goes out as zoologist; and a draughtsman is engaged, who will be useful in all those departments, where the objects are too large or too delicate to be preserved. The Ashantee Princes will also avail themselves of this opportunity to return to their native country. The Expedition will call at St. Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, for coal, at Sierra Leone for Kroomen and Interpreters, and at Cape Coast Castle, and will probably arrive off the mouth of the Niger early in March. The vessels will here fill up their coals from a store-ship already sent out for that purpose; and having placed their heavy stores, &c., in canoes, and otherwise lightened the vessels for river navigation, they will proceed up the Quorra either by the Formoso or Nún branch, whichever may be reported of most favourably; and steaming rapidly through the Delta, make their first halt at the town of Ibá, on the left or western shore of the Nún, about 120 miles from the entrance. Here they will commence their operations with a view to the execution of the principal object of the mission, namely, to make treaties with the African chiefs to put down the traffic in slaves, and to substitute instead of it a friendly commercial intercourse with this country. After as short a delay as possible at Ibá, the Expedition will proceed up the river; and 40 miles beyond, reach the first hills at the apex of the Delta, about 160 miles from the sea,—a distance easily accomplished with even moderate steamers in from three to four days. Here the monotony of an alluvial soil, and all the malaria of the Delta, are left behind, and the traveller looks cheerfully forward to the remarkably formed range of the Kong Mountains, which soon show themselves in the distant northern horizon. At Attah, 60 miles beyond, probably the next advantageous point which may present itself for forming treaties, the *Adansonia digitata*, and the other peculiar vegetation of this luxuriant clime, become very striking. The Bokweh market comes next, a place of great resort for the produce from all parts of the interior, to be exchanged for European merchandize. At 8 miles beyond, we reach Beaufort Island, and 20 miles further, at a distance of 270 miles from the sea, the Chadda pours in its tributary stream from the eastward, offering a high road to an unknown interior. Here will probably be the head-quarters of the Expedition for some time, and the commissioners will use their utmost endeavours to form treaties for lawful traffic, and for the extinction of the slave trade, with the native chiefs. Here an opportunity will be afforded for showing the Africans the best mode of cultivating the ground, and of distributing plants and seeds suited to the climate and soil. Should an opportunity be afforded, the vessels will probably explore the upper part of the Quorra [Kawúra], towards Busah, where Mungo Park lost his life, and also the Chadda, as far as water communication will admit of it, and thus open the road to the missionary, the merchant, and the man of science. Here a favourable opportunity will be afforded of gaining more knowledge of the interior; some par-

ties might even reach Lake Chad, about 500 miles to the east; or Tombokto, not much further to the north-west, and thus connect the exploratory journeys of Denham, Clapperton, and Laing, with points to be correctly laid down by this Expedition, which is furnished with twelve of the best chronometers, and with every instrument that can be necessary for a complete geographical survey of the rivers, and of the countries passed through. The committee contemplating such a possible opportunity, has placed 1,000*l.* at the disposal of the commander of the Expedition, to be used either in some benevolent plans for the Africans, or in endeavouring to gain a more intimate knowledge of the interior of the country."

The President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, will hold his soirées for the ensuing season on the 27th of February, March the 13th and 27th, and on April the 3rd.

A mural tablet, with an inscription to the memory of Mrs. Barbauld, has recently been erected in the old chapel of the English Presbyterians at Newington Green, where, for many years, her husband, the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, officiated as minister. The inscription is the composition of her nephew, Mr. A. Aikin, the late secretary to the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi,—and the monument is erected by another of her nephews, Mr. Charles Aikin, surgeon, to whom her 'Early Lessons' were addressed.

The Glasgow papers announce the recent decease of Mr. Dugald Moore, one of the worthiest among the minor poets of St. Mungo's capital.

Letters from Constantinople mention that Sir David Wilkie is engaged in taking a likeness of Abdool-Medjid, and that he is the first English artist who has had the honour to paint a portrait of the Sultan.

It is now said positively, that a German opera company is to have the Princess's Theatre, and the names of the artists mentioned, are Mesdames Schröder, Fassmann, Stöckl Heinefetter, and Herrn Tichatschek, Haitzinger, Staudigl, and Pöck. The rumours concerning the Italian opera, given by us a fortnight since, have since received confirmation and correction; Rubini and Lablache will, it is said, retain their places. The return of Miss Kemble to England, may be looked for about the close of April; and among the instrumentalists expected, we may mention M. Vieuxtemps, Herr David, and M. A. Batta.

Paris letters mention the death of the Baron Bignon, a Peer of France, member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and the Count Miot de Melito, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and translator of Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus. We thence learn also, that Victor Hugo has, at length, been received into the bosom of the Academy, by a majority of only two votes over his rival M. Ancelot. It is understood, however, that M. Guizot, who arrived too late to vote, would have added one more to this majority. The admission into the Academy, of the Romantic School, in the person of its acknowledged head, is a fact sufficiently remarkable in the French literary history of the century, to merit notice. At the same meeting, the Comte de Sainte-Aulaire, at present in Vienna, as Ambassador of France, was elected into the chair of the late M. de Pastoret, by a large majority over his opponents MM. Aimé Martin and Bouilly. While recording these Academical movements, we may mention the foundation at the Institute, by the Baron de Moragues, of a prize, to be given every fifth year,—alternately to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences,—for the best work on the State of Pauperism in France, its causes, and the means of remedy,—and to the Academy of Sciences, for the work which shall have contributed most to the progress of Agriculture in France.

Our neighbours are much occupied, as usual at this season, with dramatic matters. The Renaissance was to have opened on Saturday last, with a new drama, in five acts, entitled '*Il était une fois un Roi et une Reine.*' ("There was once a king and a queen," as the nursery tales have it), in which her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were made to figure, in a manner so offensive, that the Censor interdicted the performance, and sent disappointed, from the doors, the crowd who had flocked to laugh at the Royal pair. At the first report of this contemplated outrage, it seemed to us as if none

other than the "serpent old" himself would willingly have obtruded into the paradise of this young couple, so innocent so happy, and so simple in their tastes, habits, and enjoyments.—

Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league—
Impaired in one another's arms.

But, on consideration, there is much force in the defence of the French critics, that the *siaiseries* which the English press are in the habit of reproducing as their sayings and doings are fair game, and not more ridiculous on the stage, than in the columns in which they find them; and we earnestly hope that our contemporaries will take the hint. Trifling incidents, which are both natural and graceful in their place, become absurd only in the attempt to invest them with historic importance, and make them matters of record. A new play, by M. Alexandre Dumas, has been accepted, with acclamation, by the reading committee of the *Comédie Française*,—and awaits the author's return from Florence, to be put in rehearsal. While on the subject of theatricals, we may mention that the wandering troop of French comedians having M. Harel for their director, and Mdlle. Georges for their support, are playing with great success at Odessa.

Musical news has also arrived from Paris within the last few days, which is encouraging as regards the future,—the *Académie Royale*, it would seem, has at last found a successor to Mdlle. Falcon in Mdlle. Heinefetter, who made her first appearance some days since in 'La Juive,' with such success, both as a singer and actress, that the management has offered her a three years' engagement, at the rate of twenty thousand francs for the first twelvemonth, with power then to break it off, should the lady not have realized the high hopes entertained of her—if otherwise, thirty thousand for the second, and forty for the third. It is hoped, that so valuable an acquisition may hasten Meyerbeer in the production of his 'Prophète.' The state of operatic matters over Europe is curious—while one German *sängerin* is thus possessing herself of the French throne, and another, Mdlle. Löwe, has left Berlin, to attempt a like feat, Mdlle. Mequillet, a French lady, is introducing the grand airs of 'Robert' to the public of Florence, who seem more bewildered than pleased by the *valse infernale* and the dancing girls of the convent of St. Rosalie, while Mdlle. de Rieux, who failed at the *Académie*, is absolutely a provisional *prima donna* at La Scala of Milan. The newest Italian novelties (if the word be any longer possible) appear to be Mercadante's 'Bravo' and the 'Saffo' of Pacini; the latter composer's first work after a seven years' rest. Mde. Rossi is on her return from Italy to the Opera Comique—and the management of that theatre is also doing its best to win back from Belgium Madame Colon Lepus. A new work by MM. Scribe and Halévy, 'Le Guitarero,' was to be produced there on this day.

Less peaceful doings have agitated the musical world: we allude to the trial in which M. Haumann, the well known violinist, was accused of having sold to M. Panofka, the well known feuilletonist, a Guarnerius violin, on the construction of the German's wooden nutmegs—that is, no Guarnerius at all! On inspection, by competent artists, the violin was pronounced to be, in the first instance, genuine, but entirely spoiled by patches and separations—whereupon, the Cour de Premier Instance sentenced M. Haumann to restore the 8000 francs (320*l.*) he had received for the bargain; which M. Haumann has parried, by announcing his intention to appeal. A larger instrument has been making a figure also in the paragraphs; the piano upon which M. Liszt played in Hamburg, and which being offered for public sale after his departure, brought the enormous price of 840*l.*, to the proprietor of a hotel, who has placed it in his grand saloon. Times and prices are changed with a vengeance, since the times of Emanuel Bach, the most consummate master of keyed instruments in his days, who resided at Hamburg only some seventy years since.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK,

WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY, the 20th inst.
NEW EXHIBITION, representing THE SHRINE OF THE
NATIVITY at Bethlehem, painted by M. Hénon, from a
Sketch made on the spot by David Roberts, Esq. A.R.A., in 1839.
The spectator may almost suppose himself in the very birth-
place of the Saviour.—Times. Also, THE CORONATION OF
Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, by M. Bouton. Open
from Ten till Four.

Under the Patronage of Her MAJESTY and His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT.—THE ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, AND LITERARY ARTS, WEST STRAND.—Among numerous other Novelties just added to this splendid Exhibition, in addition to its former sources of attraction, may be mentioned the Scenic Metamorphosis, Reflecting Di-scenography, Pyr-Eidiotrope, &c.; Mr. E. M. Clarke's Oxy-hydrogen Polariscopes and Microscopes, the Electrical and Magnetical Illustrations, the Living Electrical Eel, Steam-Gun, Combustion of Steel, &c. &c.—Admittance, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 6*d.* Children under fourteen years of age, 4*d.*—Open from half-past Ten till Four daily.

MORNINGS AND EVENINGS.—PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF CANTON, elaborately finished by a distinguished Chinese. The fine Model of the Under Cliff of the Isle of Wight, and the Painted Glass Pictures, after Martin and Danby, are all to be seen by artificial light, under a magnifying power; 1,000 works which display eminent art and simplicity practical science, and a continuance of novelties. Also, the beautiful and varied experiments, the Chemical Lecture, Microscope, Diving Bell and Diver, and the Models in motion. The Band of Music performs from three to five, and from half-past eight to half-past ten o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*—Royal Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 11.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.

A paper was read, 'On the River San Juan de Nicaragua and Lake of Nicaragua, or Granada.' The river and lake were examined pursuant to orders from Commander Edward Barnett, of Her Majesty's surveying vessel *Thunder*, by Mr. George Lawrence, mate and assistant surveyor of the same vessel, and his party, who have determined and laid down the principal geographical positions on the lake and river, and connected these with a spot on the western side of the Isthmus. On the 18th of March, Mr. Lawrence, accompanied by Mr. Scott, second master, and a confidential negro, named Demerett, left the vessel and embarked in a canoe fitted up for the occasion, manned with five stout Indians of the Rama tribe, who are considered the best boatmen on this coast, and an intelligent Columbian Padrone, who spoke English; victualled for seven days, and furnished with three excellent chronometers and other requisite instruments. After touching at the town to purchase a few necessary articles for the Indians, and to get letters of introduction to persons in Granada and Nicaragua, they proceeded on their journey. The first night they passed on a dry sand-spit near the Island of Canon. Along the lower part of the river, that which they had just passed, the banks are low, swampy and difficult of access, clothed with high coarse grass, and lined with various trees; the width of the stream, about three-fourths of a cable's length, the current sluggish, the water shallow, and the bed filled with diluvial islands. In the rainy season, however, all the low flats on which a landing was now easily effected, are overflowed. The next morning, the 9th, they resumed their way, and passed the Juanillo Hill, 1,249 feet above the level of the sea (trigonometrically measured), as also the divergence of the Colorado. Abreast of the Isla de Concepcion, at the foot of the northern bank, which is here nearly 15 feet high, as also in the centre of the river, they observed for the first time, detached masses or boulders of trappean rock, showing themselves above the surface of the water. The banks, since leaving the Colorado, became more prominent, and the vegetation more luxuriant; the trees on the Island of Gigante being not less than 100 feet high. Between this island and the place whence they had started in the morning, the only habitations seen were a few huts, the temporary residence of sarsaparilla gatherers. They had now reached the divergence of the Juanillo; the depth was here from 8 to 10 or 15 feet, and the current about two knots. At the confluence of the Serapequi, here about three-fourths of a cable wide, and 29 miles distant from Point Arenas, the banks are about 10 feet high, and the height of the trees, including the banks, from 100 to 150 feet. The largest of these trees are the Eboos and Cotton-tree. Suspended from the branches of the latter, they observed a great number of curiously constructed birds' nests. The party passed the second night on another dry sand shoal, about a quarter of a mile above the Isla San Francisco, 37 miles from Point Arenas. The first object of interest passed on the 10th, was the point, called Ramilison, where the stream sometimes rushes with great violence, forming a whirlpool. The banks now increased in height to 40 and 50 feet. The Padrone here told them, that in the rainy season, which happens in October, the river is at least 6 or 7 feet deeper, and

in the driest season, the end of April, it is so shallow below the Colorado branch, that for miles the Bongos are obliged to be dragged over by main force, through temporary channels. A little after mid-day, they came in sight of the remarkable hill of San Carlos, about 2,000 feet high, and situated about 2 miles above the Rio Machada, a tributary of the San Juan. They next reached the river San Carlos, 46 miles from Point Arenas. Beyond the confluence of this last river, the San Juan becomes more picturesque and beautiful, its bed deeper, and its character more resembling that of a large river. At sunset they saw the Chorero Hills to the north of the river, and rising to a height of about 1,500 feet. The party hauled up for the night on a sand shoal above the island Campana, at the foot of the first rapid. On the 11th, they ascended this rapid, called Machuca, 62 miles from Point Arenas; its velocity does not in any part exceed 5 knots. A second rapid, that of Los Balos, was passed with equal facility, and then a third, the Mico Rapid. At noon they saw the point on which the old Fort San Carlos once stood, and soon afterwards passed the island of Juan, where a temporary hospital was established for the sick, in Nelson's memorable expedition against the Spaniards. They next passed the rapid of the Old-castle, which was effected in fifteen minutes, by tracking along the south side of the river. This rapid has a fall of nearly 5 feet in the aggregate, and runs at the rate of eight knots, extending the whole breadth of the river, which is here about a cable's length. The Bongos, in ascending this rapid, are obliged to be lightened of part of their cargo. The party next passed the Toro Rapid, 77 miles from Point Arenas, and found the banks low and the trees growing out of the water, with palms so thickly set, as to form an almost impenetrable barrier. From the Rio Machuca, as far as the river Savalos, which they had just passed, the bed of the San Juan is studded with fragments of rock, while all below is chiefly formed of sand and mud. Passing the Isla Chica and the Isla Grande, where there are hills 800 feet high, close to the northern bank of the river, they anchored at midnight in the middle of the stream, abreast of the River Melchoreto. They had this day passed two creeks where there were Indian settlements. On the 12th, they passed the Isla de Canon, and the Isla Padre, where they first caught a glimpse of the lake and the low point of San Carlos. At 9 p.m., they landed near the huts of San Carlos, about 104 miles from Point Arenas. Inquiring for the commandant, the party were informed by a ragamuffin soldier, that he could not be seen at present, having, with his wife, made too free with the bottle. They found San Carlos, once considered the Gibraltar of the lake, a mere heap of ruins, so entirely overgrown and surrounded with trees, that it cannot be seen from any point in the neighbourhood, although only a few yards distant from the beach. There were three or four dismounted guns, and a quantity of rusty shot lying strewn about. An interview was afterwards obtained with the commandant, who, being quite satisfied with the explanations given him, no longer insisted on a passport, which he at first had demanded. The whole village does not contain more than six huts tenanted by four families, who were all seen bathing together in perfect nudity, without any sense of shame, and seemingly from innocence, not want of modesty. The waters of the lake were here observed to rise and fall according as the wind blew. The party left San Carlos in the afternoon of the 13th, and coasted along the north-east shore of the lake as far as San Miguelito, where they remained for the night. The inhabitants of this place lead a pastoral life, and the men were absent tending their herds on the neighbouring hills. The women were pretty and well dressed. Here they found a Bongo laden with cheese, jerked beef, &c. the produce of the adjacent country. Bullocks may be had here for four and a half dollars each, fowls for one-fourth of a dollar, eggs and milk for a mere trifle. The next day they continued coasting along the shore of the lake; the land on the margin continued low, but at a short distance inland, hills rose to the height of 100 or 200 feet, thickly grass-clad, affording pasturage to numerous herds of cattle. Several streams were seen falling into the lake, and the islands called Nanci Tal Cays being passed, they landed for the night at Punta Pederosa. The fol-

lowing morning the party proceeded on their voyage, and saw the mountain of Alto Grande, clothed to its summit, which attains to 3,149 feet, with the brightest verdure, and where thousands of cattle might be reared. There is no appearance of cultivation along the whole of this side of the lake; all is pasturage and prairie land. At a little before noon they reached the small island of Muerta, where Mr. Lawrence took a round of sextant angles. From this position, about 50 feet high, they saw the volcanic mountain of Momo Tombo, situated north of Leon, on the margin of the Lake Managua. From Muerta they crossed directly over towards Granada. Midway a bottle was filled with the water of the lake, and sealed up for analysis. In the mass, the water is of a light olive colour, but in a glass vessel is quite clear and translucent; it is excellent to drink. The soundings in crossing were from 6½ to 6 fathoms. In the evening they landed at Granada. There is a considerable surf here, and no wharves nor jetties. While taking an observation on the shore, the party were somewhat incommoded by the curiosity of some hundreds of women, who left their occupation of washing to surround and stare at them. The chief person in authority here was absent, and the party experienced some petty annoyances from the underlings in office, which, however, were eventually got over, when the true nature of the expedition was understood. The town of Granada is situated about half a mile from the lake, and about 100 feet above its level. The chief buildings are the two principal Churches, the Town Hall, and the Barracks. The houses, with one exception, are all of one story, built in the old Spanish style, and the streets run at right angles to each other, roughly paved, and not much trodden. There is so little movement and display, that the place seems almost deserted; but Mr. Lawrence was told that much business is carried on in a clandestine manner, owing to the little security for property occasioned by the anarchical state of the country. The traders are generally foreigners, and are fearful lest display should excite the cupidity of the government. The population is estimated at 9,000, of whom only 300 call themselves the legitimate descendants of the old Spaniards. The exports of this place, chiefly indigo, hides, and Brazil wood, are conveyed in Bongos down the Rio San Juan to the settlement of that name, whence they are shipped, as opportunities offer, to Jamaica, New York and other places. Coffee, cacao, sugar, maize, sesamum, &c., are cultivated in the vicinity of the town, but not now in quantity sufficient for exportation. The nearest mines are 40 leagues off. Realejo is the only good harbour on the western side of the Isthmus, but its distance of 50 leagues from Granada is a serious objection against its being an entrepot for the commerce from one ocean to the other. The nearest part of the Pacific Ocean to Granada is a small bay called Laceres; it is one day's journey across the country, but there is neither anchorage nor settlement. At daylight, on the 17th, the party left Granada, paddled through the group of rocky islets, called the Isletas, and proceeded to the large uninhabited island of Zapatero, between which and the main they steered, and landed at the small island of Tahaja, where they passed the night. At 5 a.m., on the 16th, they again started, steering for the road of Nicaragua, which they reached between 9 and 10 o'clock. Here Mr. Lawrence, while waiting for horses, made sketches of Ometepe and Madeira, the two most remarkable objects on the lake. The horses being come, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Scott waited upon Señors Ruis and Mongalo; the former was absent, but the latter received them with the greatest politeness, and conducted them to the chief official, who, at their request, immediately granted them permission to cross over to the Pacific. Accordingly, on the 19th, they left the margin of the lake, and proceeded towards the Pacific through Nicaragua. This town is about 100 feet above the level of the lake. The houses, like those of Granada, are only one story high, but those of the old Spaniards are substantially built of stone, with capacious door-ways and gloomy grated windows. The more modern are lightly built, and some are little better than mud huts. The population is a mixed race, amounting to about 6,000 souls. Proceeding on their way, first through a thick wood, and then a continued savannah, they came to the mountains,

from one of which, 800 feet high, they had a delightful view of the Pacific, distant in a direct line about 3 miles, and not long after found themselves suddenly on the shores of the Pacific, in a little cove called El Cacola, where they found no habitation, but only a few fishermen and a few women. From this cove they went about a league further southward, and arrived, at last, at the place they sought, viz. a bay, called the Port of San Juan. The rise and fall of the tide here is about 12 feet. According to Mr. Bailey's levels from this place across to Rio de Lacas, on the lake of Granada, the latter is 128 feet 3 inches above the Pacific. Early the next morning Mr. Lawrence and his companion, with their guide, started to retrace their steps by the way they had come. They passed through Nicaragua without stopping, and, arriving at their canoe, had the satisfaction to find all well. On the 21st and 22nd it blew too hard for them to proceed, but on the 23rd, in the afternoon, the wind having a little moderated, they launched their canoe and paddled over to Ometepe, carrying a depth of 5 and 7 fathoms. They went ashore and passed the night there. On the 24th they again started, and landed on the south-west part of Madeira. This and Ometepe form but one island, connected by a low woody neck of land, about 40 or 50 feet high. In all the maps this is set down as two islands. At Madeira they found a German and his family, who, having purchased 5,000 acres of land, had settled there, and said he was doing well as a cotton planter. At daylight, on the 25th, they again started and sailed along shore. They found the land along the shore low, but at a short distance inland it rises to mountains of considerable elevation. Among the most remarkable heights is Beña, an active volcano, which they saw smoking. The southern shore of the lake is densely wooded, while the northern is all clear savannah. Upon approaching within 6 miles of the island of Salentenne, they again filled a bottle with the water of the lake. This island, and those around it, are inhabited by numerous families. The vegetation is luxuriant, and there is abundance of stock of all kinds. At 10 p.m. they once more anchored off San Carlos, where they remained for the night. On the 26th, at 6 p.m., they started on their return down the river San Juan, and having paddled till midnight, anchored in the middle of the stream, three miles above the Toro Rapid, where the mosquitoes murdered sleep. At dawn, on the 27th, they weighed, and shot the rapids in perfect safety, though that of Machuca is usually descended by easing the canoes down by means of a rope. The river had fallen at least 1½ feet since they had gone up, and the stream did not run quite so fast. The Padrone said it would fall 1½ feet more, and that after May, when it is at its lowest, it begins to rise again till October, when it attains its greatest height. In the rainy season, when the river is most swollen, it takes the best Bongos 14 or 15 days to go from San Juan to San Carlos. On the 28th they passed the river Serapequi, and then the Colorado Island, after which the river was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to jump-out and haul the canoe over several bars of sand. The Padrone said, that in the dry season the Bongos are often obliged to leave half of their cargo at Colorado before they can get over the obstructions; and even then the difficulty is so great, that it sometimes takes them 11 days to get down to San Juan, digging a channel as they advance. Mr. Lawrence is of opinion, that the river, in its lower part, might be considerably deepened, and many obstructions removed, by shutting up the mouth of the Colorado branch. As to the rapids, they can only be avoided by a canal. At four in the evening the party were again on board the *Thunder* in San Juan harbour. They had been away in the whole 16 days. Mr. Lawrence speaks most favourably of the conduct of his boat-crew of Ramas. This paper was elucidated by a MS. map, lent for the occasion by the Hydrographical Office.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 16.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.

A paper 'On the Relative Connexion of the Eastern and Western Chalk Denudations,' by Mr. Martin, of Pulborough, was read.

In two former memoirs, published in 1828 and

1829, on 'A Part of Western Sussex,' and on 'The Anticlinal Line of the London and Hampshire Basins,' Mr. Martin entered upon the discussion of the theory of denudation by disruption and contemporaneous aqueous abrasion; and in this paper he resumes the subject, but confines his observations to the anticlinal lines, which he has traced westward from the valley of the Wealden into the broad expanse or dome of chalk, occupying the central parts of Hampshire and Wiltshire; and eastward from the vales of Pewsey, Warminster, and Wardour, into the same chalk expanse. In future memoirs he purposes to describe the other phenomena connected with the subject. Six anticlinal lines, maintaining a general parallelism, but presenting unequal effects, have been traced by Mr. Martin, three proceeding westward from the valley of the Wealden; and three eastward from the vales of Pewsey, Warminster, and Wardour; and he has ascertained that though they penetrate far into the same chalk area, yet that they do not insinuate with each other, or even approximate in any part of their course, dying out generally beneath a deposit of plastic clay. The anticlinals of the Wealden Mr. Martin distinguishes by the names of the Peasemarsh, the Central or great anticlinal, and the Greenhurst; and the three western by the names of the vales with which they are connected.

The Peasemarsh Line.—The Peasemarsh, where he commenced the examination of the most northern of these lines, is in a valley of elevation composed of Weald clay, and situated between Guildford and Godalming. The valley is about three miles in length and two in breadth. It is bounded on the north by St. Catherine's Hill, formed of lower green-sand, and the eastern extremity of the chalk range of the Hog's-back; on the south and east by the Godalming and Wonsers hills and Shalford sand-hill, all composed of lower green-sand; and to the west by a range of low sand hills extending from the Godalming side by Compton to Puttenham. To the eastward the anticlinal line is prolonged to Albury and Shiere, flanked by lower green-sand hills, the strata of which exhibit an anticlinal disposition; and Mr. Martin thinks it may extend to Folkestone. To the westward the direction of the line of disturbance is traceable in the anticlinal saddle stretching from the Puttenham sands towards Farnham, and on which are situated Moor Park, Waverley Abbey, and Crooksbury Hill. Thence it proceeds nearly due west, beginning to leave the gait at Wracklesham; and a great gait saddle succeeds, which, a little further west, is projected northward in advance of Bentley Green, becoming confluent with the gait of the Farnham Hills. At Bentley Green the gait saddle is flanked to the north and south by beds of upper green-sand dipping in opposite directions; and a saddle of that formation strikes across by Holybourn, Froyle, and Bentley; and the line of fracture enters the chalk district near Shaldon. From this point the saddle is continued westerly by a broad expanse of highlands, on which are situated the village of Lipscombe, Ellisfield, Dummer, and Popham, and it is marked by strong patches of plastic clay and loam, with other signs of a broken and disjointed surface. The true nature of this line of elevation is further proved by a well-defined synclinal valley ranging along the southern side of the high land from Alton to Oxford, and thence, but less distinctly, by Woodmancote and Popham Farm to Popham Beacon, where it is intersected by the Southampton Railway, at the height of 454 feet above the sea. Westward from Popham, Mr. Martin was unable to trace satisfactorily the line of fissure, but he is of opinion, that it passes the great gap in the Burchclere Hills, north of Whitechurch, and that it is marked by the strata in a chalk pit, in the scarped hill overlooking Andover, dipping about 5 degrees towards the south. At this stage of his researches, finding that there was no chance of the Peasemarsh line running into the Pewsey, and that he was moving parallel with the Burchclere Hills, the author became anxious to ascertain the termination of the Pewsey line. **Pewsey Line.**—The phenomena of the vale of Pewsey, and those presented by the extension of the line of disruption in the vales of Ham and Kingclere, being well known, particularly in consequence of the memoir of Dr. Buckland, Mr. Martin commences his account on the east side of the vale of Kingsclere. From Woolverton Farm,

a well defined anticlinal chalk valley ranges towards Monks Sherborne, and thence southerly, and afterwards easterly, dying away finally under the plastic clay at Old Basing. For a great part of that course, as at Ewhurst and Ramsdell, the tertiary beds advance close up to the foot of the chalk escarpment. **Wardour Line.**—The description of this dislocation, Mr. Martin commences at Harnham Hill, south of Salisbury, referring to Dr. Fitton's memoir for an account of the geological structure and phenomena of the vale of Wardour. The village of Bemerton and Salisbury Cathedral, situated in the synclinal valley north of Harnham Hill, are built on plastic clay. East of the river Avon a remarkable change takes place in the physical features of the country. The prolongation of the commanding eminence of Harnham Hill is a low ridge at East Grinstead; and the line of high ground is shifted southward, forming the lofty ridge of Dean Hill. The brick kilns near Clarendon Lodge and the village of Alderbury are placed on plastic clay, and that formation ranges eastward by Whitmarsh Bottom, Bentley Wood, and Berrywell Wood to French Moor. The chalk on which these tertiary beds repose, emerges at East Grinstead and West Dean, constituting a low ridge, but dipping sharply towards the north. South of this line is the strongly marked feature of Dean Hill, inclining southward, and between the two ridges is the anticlinal line of the Grinstead fields, situated in the lower chalk. Proceeding eastward, the northern ridge is gradually overlaid by the plastic clay, and is lost under it at Lockerly; but the line of Dean Hill maintains its importance, though it also is in turn invaded upon by the tertiary beds, and all indications of the anticlinal line disappear at or near the river Test. It has consequently no connexion with any of the Weald fissures. **Greenhurst Line.**—In entering upon a description of this line, Mr. Martin states, that he was not aware till very recently that Mr. Hopkins had been engaged in investigating the construction of the Weald; and that, though he has been himself long familiar with most of its constructive agencies, yet, as he is not prepared to fill up all the details of the subject, he is well pleased that the exposition of the construction of the Weald should come from the author of the 'Theory of Elevation.' He adds, that he is entirely ignorant of the result of Mr. Hopkins's researches. Mr. Martin commences his description of this line at Greenhurst, about 4 miles south-east from Pulborough, and situated in an anticlinal weald clay valley, formed by a remarkable recession southward of the chalk hills. East of Greenhurst the northern boundary of the valley breaks off, and is discontinued for some distance; but eastward of the Adur, and south of Henfield, it is again flanked by anticlinal scarps of green-sand. The line is continued thence in a broad weald clay valley to Homebush, where the scarps of the lower green-sands become confluent, and the line of fracture passing successively beneath saddles of gait and malm rock becomes lost under the chalk hills of Poynings and Wolfstonbury. Beyond this point, Mr. Martin has succeeded in defining its course along the valley of Piecomb, by Pangdean, and the north side of Stanmore Park, and in approaching the Ouse below Lewes by a deep denudation, bounded to the south-west, by the marked chalk escarpment, at the foot of which are Falmer, Kingstone, and Iford. Crossing the Ouse, the southern escarpment of the line is formed by the South Downs, in their range towards Eastbourn. Under Mount Caburn, to the south-east of Lewes, the anticlinal line is in the lower or grey chalk, and between Glynde and Firlie, in a saddle of upper green-sand, it is afterwards defined by a saddle of gait, and then by obscure indications of the outcrop of the lower green-sand. Further to the south-east, the flatness of the country prevented Mr. Martin from tracing the line, and determining where it runs out on the coast; but he is of opinion that the sharp dip of the chalk at Willington, and the fine swell of the upper green-sand rising from under the Bourn level in the cliff at the Sea Houses near Eastbourn, and waving southwards to sink under the chalk towards Beachy Head, are indications of its course. The westward range of the line from Greenhurst is then described. Following the direction of the Downs, the disruption throws back the three divisions of the lower green-sand: it next passes through a saddle of

gait between Tripp Hill and the Bury New Woods, and afterwards points north-westerly towards Midhurst, passing to the north of that town and by Woolbeding, Chithurst, and Trotton, to Rogate, it traverses in succession the different divisions of the lower green-sand. Westward of Rogate, no satisfactory section can be obtained, and in its passage, on the north side of Petersfield, little is seen but a broken saddle of sand hills, till the line strikes the upper green-sand at Langrish, where it is visible in an imperfect section, on both sides of the East Meon Road. Thence Mr. Martin traced it by the chalk ridge, or saddle, capped by patches of plastic clay, and on which are situated Bierly, Old Down, Kilmeston, and Hinton Ampner, and is flanked on the north by the long synclinal valley of Bramdean, and on the south by the denudation of East and West Meon. From Hinton Ampner, the synclinal line falling back into the course of the Itchen from Alresford to Winchester, the saddle widens and rises into greater importance, constituting Easton High Down, where the Chilcomb rent commences, also St. Giles and St. Catherine's Hill, north and south of the rent or denudation, and west of Winchester, the saddle is resumed and continued in Pitt and Farley Downs to the River Test. In this part of its course, a synclinal depression ranges northward from the Itchen at Winchester into the valley of the Test at King's Somerham. Crossing the Test, the line of elevation, Mr. Martin believes, is taken up by the Broughton Hills at Bossington, but the complicated structure of the country prevented him from tracing it further. He suggests that it may unite with the Warminster line. **Warminster line.**—The anticlinal line of this valley enters south of Warminster, and heaves the gait and upper green-sand into a domelike elevation, denuded of its chalk. The line then ranges in a ridge of green-sand through Crockerton and Sutton Veney to Cortington, where the chalk boundaries approximate, and little is visible but the alluvium of the valley of the Wiley, which takes the direction of the rent towards Salisbury, as far as Wishford. From this point, Mr. Martin believes that the line follows the valley of Stoford Bottom, which points directly towards the Broughton Hills and the Winchester and Greenhurst denudations; but he doubts if any satisfactory proof could be obtained of their insinuation with the Warminster line. **Central line of the Wealden.**—From Haslemere it is marked by the narrow Weald clay valley, which extends directly west towards Liphook, and after heaving in succession the upper beds of the lower green-sand, the gait and the upper green-sand, it enters the chalk near Selborne. Its progress thence to the valley of Candover, north of Alresford, is marked at many points by tiltings of the strata, and the general decline of the country towards the west. Passing the Candover valley, the line is carried on to the Test by a succession of waving hills and high plains, between the synclinal valleys of the Itchen on the south, and the Mitcheldever river on the north. At the Test, its presence is marked by the prominent features of the Stockbridge Common Down and Longstock Hills. Beyond the Test, the progress of the line becomes obscure; nevertheless, Mr. Martin thinks that Beacon Hill west of Amesbury may mark its direction. In conclusion, the author states, that groups of fissures, puckerings, or subordinate contortions, will probably be found connected with the greater lines of disturbance; and that if a section could be obtained of the whole, it would exhibit the contortions observable in schistose formations; and he calls attention to the variable amount of effect produced by the longitudinal fissures in different parts of their course.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	{ Asiatic Society	Two, p.m.
	{ Entomological Society (Annual)	Eight.
MON.	Statistical Society	Eight.
	{ Horticultural Society	Two.
TUES.	{ Institute of Civil Engineers (Annual Gen. Meeting)	Eight.
	{ Geological Society	p. Eight.
WED.	{ Society of Arts	Eight.
	{ Royal Society	p. Eight.
THUR.	{ Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
	{ Numismatic Society	Seven.
	{ Royal Academy (Arch.)	

MISCELLANEA

Analysis of the Waters of the African Coast and Rivers.—The Lords of the Admiralty lately transmitted to Professor Daniell, of King's College, eight bottles of water taken up in the rivers and on the coast of Africa, with a request that he would analyze them and report as to their effects on the copper sheathing of ships, of which they were found to be especially destructive. With the immediate object of the inquiry we shall not concern ourselves, but some very curious and unexpected results came out incidentally, tending to show the probable cause of the miasma, which has such destructive influence on that coast—results especially interesting at this moment, when the Niger Expedition is just about to leave our shores.—“The most remarkable circumstance,” says Professor Daniell, “disclosed by the analysis of these waters, is the strong impregnation of the majority of them with sulphuretted hydrogen; which, in the case of the water from Lopez Bay, amounts to almost as much per gallon as in the Harrowgate waters. The proportions of the saline contents do not differ materially from those which are usually found in sea water. The extraordinary presence of this gas would naturally lead at first to a suspicion that it might arise from some change which had taken place in the waters after they had been bottled, from the decomposition of some animal or vegetable substance, but this suspicion is inconsistent with facts. On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how such a striking and important fact as the impregnation of the waters of the ocean, upon such a long line of coast, with this deleterious gas, could so long have escaped observation. It is highly desirable, in many points of view, that its existence should be substantiated, and the limits of the phenomenon both along the coast and in the ocean, ascertained by further evidence. Its effects upon the copper-sheathing of ships cannot fail to be highly injurious, and a question of still higher interest even arises, whether this deleterious gas may not contribute to the well-known unhealthiness of the coasts, from which these waters are taken. Upon searching for evidence of a similar phenomenon having been observed before, I have found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1839, a memoir of the late Dr. Marcet, ‘The specific gravity and temperature of sea-waters, in different parts of the ocean, and in particular seas, with some account of their saline contents.’ Out of sixteen specimens which he examined, he found one which was brought by Captain Hall from the Yellow Sea, in the Chinese Ocean, which from the account which he has given, must probably have been as highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, as those which I have just examined from the coast of Africa; and he observes, ‘there is something in the development of sulphur in sea-water, which is by no means well understood.’ He also noticed, that a specimen brought by Mr. Schmidtmeyer, going to South America, from latitude 10° 50' north, longitude 24° 28' west, had an hepatic smell, and had blackened the bottle in which it was contained. If the existence of this curious phenomenon should be confirmed, the origin of the sulphuretted hydrogen will probably be found to be the same, as that of the same gas in various saline lakes in different parts of the world, from which trona or natron is derived. The mud of the Lonar Lake in India, of a lake near Maracaybo, in South America, and of similar lakes on the North of Africa, are all found to be thus impregnated. The sulphuretted hydrogen thus adhering to the clay, has been supposed to be derived from volcanic sources, but Mr. Malcolmson, in an able memoir lately printed in the Geological Transactions, says, that he has observed ‘the same phenomenon in the salt water inlets, along the Indian coast, wherever the bottom contained argillaceous and carbonaceous matter;’ and he ascribes the effect to ‘the decomposition of the sulphates in the water by the carbon, and the clay only prevents its passing off into the air, or mixing with the water, by the power of adhesion. The subject is full of interest, both in a practical and scientific point of view, and well worthy of investigation.” In a subsequent Report on additional specimens, Professor Daniell observes:—“It is impossible not to speculate upon the origin of the deleterious gas, which has now been proved to impregnate the waters upon the Western Coast of Africa, in such enormous quantities, through an

extent of more than sixteen degrees of latitude. It appears to me, that there are only two sources to which it can with any probability be referred, namely, submarine volcanic action, in which case its evolution might be considered direct or primary; and the re-action of vegetable matter upon the saline contents of the water, in which case it would be secondary. The probability of a volcanic origin is, I think, small, from the absence, I believe, of any other indications of volcanic action, and from the great extent of the coast along which it has been traced. What is known of the action of vegetable matter upon the sulphates, and the immense quantities of vegetable matter which must be brought by the rivers within the influence of the saline matter of the sea, renders on the contrary, the second origin extremely probable. Decaying vegetable matter abstracts the oxygen from sulphate of soda, and a sulphuret of sodium is formed. This again acting upon water decomposes it, and sulphuretted hydrogen is one of the products of the decomposition. You will perceive that there is a large proportion of the sulphates in the different specimens of water which have been analyzed, and there can be little doubt, I imagine, that extensive mud banks must be formed at the mouths of most of the rivers on the western coast of Africa, within the tropics, consisting chiefly of vegetable detritus in the exact state which is most favourable to the action which I have described. This view rests upon experimental evidence, and upon considerations of great cogency, derived from the unhealthiness of certain well-known situations in which decaying matters from tropical vegetation are brought into contact with sea-water. I feel more than ever convinced, that the evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen is intimately connected with the unhealthiness of such stations. When this matter was first brought under my consideration, I was surprised that the nauseous smell which must necessarily be evolved from water impregnated with this gas, at so high a temperature as that of the equinoctial regions, had not been noticed. I have in consequence turned to some of the accounts of the late travels in Africa, to seek for evidence upon the subject; and in the narrative of an expedition into the interior of Africa, by the river Niger, by Macgregor Laird, and R. A. B. Oldfield, I found the following important observations: ‘The principal predisposing causes of the awful mortality, were in my opinion the sudden change from the open sea to a narrow and winding river, the want of the sea breeze, and the prevalence of the deadly miasma, to which we were nightly exposed from the surrounding swamps. The horrid sickening stench of this miasma must be experienced to be conceived: no description of it can convey to the mind the wretched sensation, that is felt before and after daybreak. In those accursed swamps, one is oppressed not only bodily but mentally, with an indescribable feeling of heaviness, languor, nausea, and disgust, which require a considerable effort to shake off.’ Now, these observations were made in the very locality from which some of the first waters which I examined were taken, and nothing more is wanting to identify the cause of the rapid decay of the ship's copper with that of the mortality of the climate. It has been experimentally found, that so small a mixture as a fifteen hundredth part of sulphuretted hydrogen in the atmosphere, acts as a direct poison upon small animals, and the sensations of languor and nausea, described by Mr. Laird, are exactly those which have been experienced by persons who have been exposed to the deleterious influence in small quantities. The peculiar unhealthiness of mangrove swamps in all parts of the world, I have little doubt, arises, from that tree requiring salt water for its growth, and its decaying foliage being thus brought into immediate contact with the sulphates. The hypothesis also agrees with the fact, (which I believe has been established,) that the unhealthiness of such situations does not extend to any considerable distance from the sea.”

Copying Pictures.—The following communication will be read with interest by all who have concerned themselves with the Berlin discovery for the reproducing fac-similes of oil-pictures. As far as we understand Dr. Livesey's description, his experiments appear to have proceeded on principles in some degree analogous to those of Herr Liepmann (see *Athen.* No. 623), and the specimens he has forward-

ed show their power of producing a result. Still, the mystery of tint behind tint, and the power of multiplying impressions, in which the same under-colours shall be repeated in precisely the same proportions, is not indicated by any of the specimens which Dr. Livesey has forwarded. While on the subject, we may notice that Herr Liepmann's second publication, a small subject, after *Mieris*, is said fully to justify his hopes that his invention is applicable to the most delicate and highly-finished pictures:—

H.M.S. Asia, Malta, Nov. 1840.

I beg leave to call your attention to a method of printing party-coloured subjects, of an ornamental character, which I have suggested to me some five years ago, and of which I have been led to trouble you with an account by observing in your interesting journal some notice of a mechanical process of copying pictures, invented by a certain Liepmann, of Berlin. From the manner in which he conducted his first essays, it would appear to be in no way connected with any chemical, or, if I may so term it, Daguerreotype power, but solely to depend on a mechanical adjustment. Having been induced by my friends to make a few trials of my process, I managed, not without many difficulties and obstacles such as ship-board presents, to print a few indistinct copies, which I have taken the liberty of enclosing for your inspection. I should have gone further, and am fully persuaded I could have improved the copies in every respect, if our being suddenly called off to the blockade of Alexandria had not prevented it. My process is to form a mosaic of the subject, by laying in their proper places, on a flat surface, slabs of equal thickness, of different colours, placed side by side so as entirely to cover the ground. The composition of these slabs or mosaic-pieces is principally wax, through which is liberally mixed the pigments required. The ground thus prepared (Porte-colour), is glued to a stiff brown paper board, and its exterior surface smoothed and flattened. I then pour heated water into a tin plate-holder, whose upper surface is quite flat. All that remained was to fix paper on this hot surface, and press the porte-colour down on it briskly; the heat of the water-holder melting the wax colours, allowed a very thin layer to be taken off at each time, on the paper. In this manner I could produce more than sixty copies from a porte-colour less than an eighth of an inch in thickness. I afterwards found it more convenient to roll the porte-colour over the hot paper, by means of a cylinder, round which it was wrapped. There is no reason why a portrait in colours might not be copied in this way by a person accustomed to the use of tints. It might be done by choosing from a set the particular tints required, made into small cylinders, laying these always at right angles to the ground or face of the porte-colour, and when the whole surface has been covered, to unite, by gentle heat and pressure, the whole into a compact and close mosaic, which could be afterwards altered, if necessary, to perfect the copy, and from which many prints might be melted off as before. That it would be possible to improve every step of the process and produce all the effects usually observed in wax-painting, I have little doubt. Nay, I am certain by a little ingenuity some very curious variations of any given ornamental pattern might be produced, such as no kinds of printing I know of can, from their particular nature, produce.

I remain, &c.,

SALTER LIVESAY, M.D.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Cretinism.—A charitable establishment is about to be formed in the Canton of Berne for the extinction of cretinism. M. Girard has calculated that there are 8000 of these unfortunate creatures in the cantons of Switzerland. The projected establishment will be kept by the Sisters of Charity at Obendberg, at a height of more than 3500 feet above the level of the sea. This elevation appears to be necessary, as a condition for the treatment of cretinism.

Statistics of Accidents, as shown by cases brought to Charing Cross Hospital from 1834 to 1840, inclusive:—

From falls off scaffolds, ladders, buildings, vessels, lofts, staircases, and windows; or down cables, trap-doors, areas, &c.	917
The falling of excavated earth, buildings, chimneys, timbers, stones, heavy weights, &c.	461
Steam-engines, mill-cogs, crane-tackle, and other machinery	92
Carriages and horses, coaches, carts, omnibuses, cabriolets, trucks, &c.	704
Burns, scalds, melted metals, &c.; and explosions of gunpowder, &c.	411
Accidental drowning, suspended animation, taking of deleterious articles, inhalation of noxious gases, &c.	46
Bites of dogs, cats, &c.	146
Personal violence, angry blows, kicks, stabs, &c.	963
Attempted suicides by wounds, poisons, drowning, shooting, &c.	76
Broken glass or porcelain, splinters, casual falls, contusions, lifting weights, and the incautious use of spikes, hooks, knives, and other domestic implements or articles, &c.	3,363
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Hernia, hæmorrhages, &c.	85
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